

NATIONAL LAMPOON

THIS SUMMER'S MOVIES!

PLUS
 Diane Lane's
 All-Star Cruise
 to Hell,
 Feminist Porn,
 Prom Aerobatics,
 and a complete
**NEW YORK
 TIMES SUNDAY
 MAGAZINE**
 (Save One Dollar!)



NO. 5073-S
 SCENE TAKE SOUND
 WORD 23 23
 DIRECTOR KELLY
 CAMERAMAN RAB
 DATE 5/2/84 EXT. INT.
 PRODUCED BY WEBER





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From the Driving Force:

**The magic of
Panasonic Ambience.
Touch a button
and the music
surrounds you.**

With the push of one button, conventional car stereo ceases to be. In its place is music that seems to wrap itself around you. To virtually surround you. That's the remarkable phenomenon of Panasonic Ambience. Only in the Panasonic Supreme Series. And there's more.

FM Optimizer improves fringe area reception. INQ circuitry reduces noise and interference caused by passing traffic. And the adaptive front end reduces FM drift and fade.

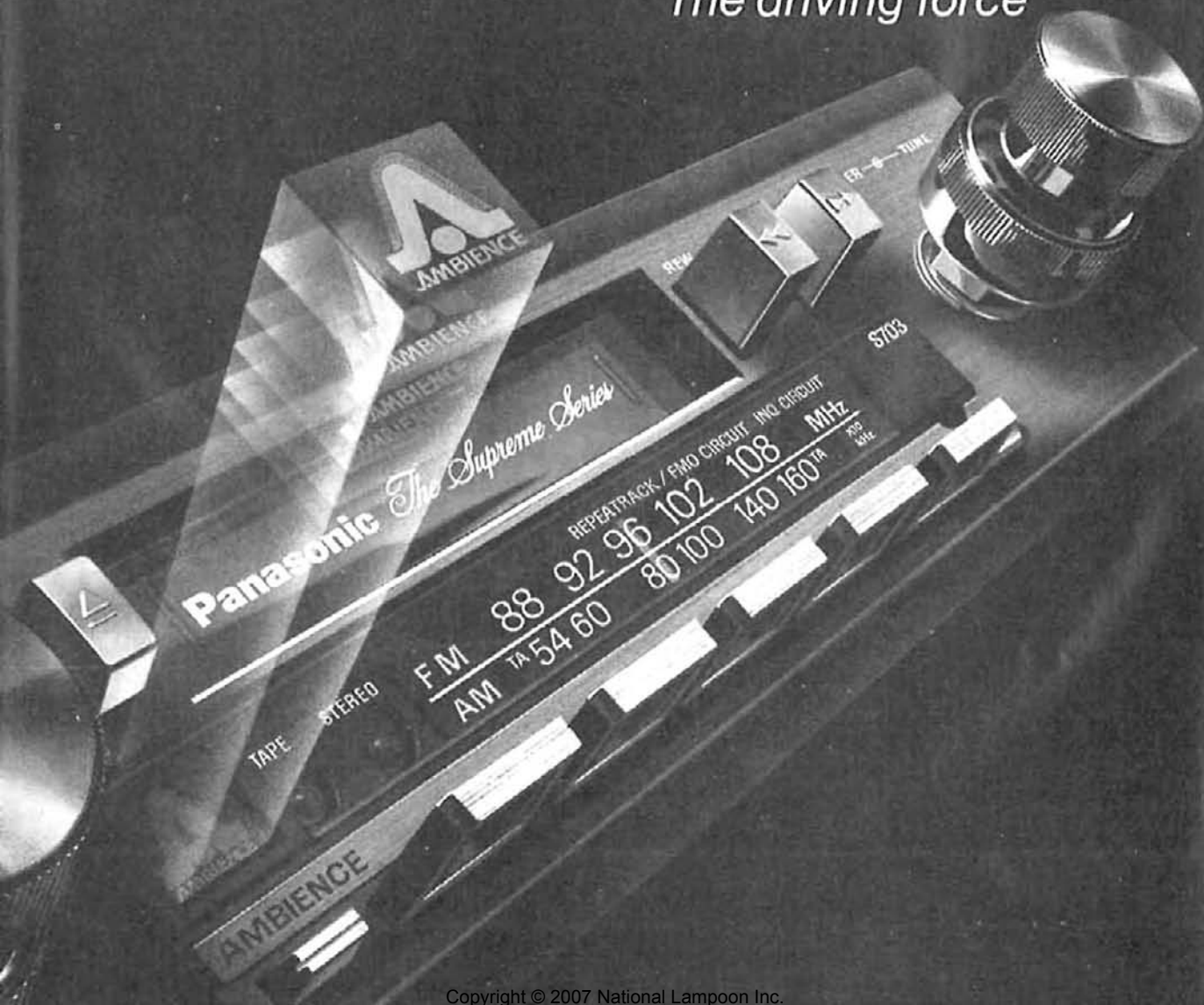
Radio Monitor lets you put the cassette you're playing "on hold" so you can listen to the radio. Without having to eject the cassette. There's locking fast forward/rewind. And the list of features goes on and on.

And nothing enhances the sound of Panasonic Ambience like Panasonic high-performance car speakers.

Experience the magic of Ambience. Let it surround you. Only from Panasonic.



Panasonic car audio
The driving force



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Editorial

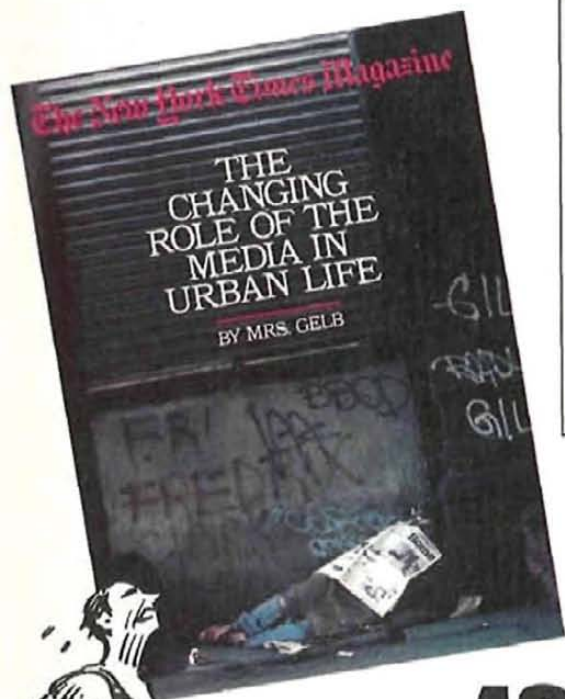
FINALLY, NOW, AT LONG LAST, THE WAITING IS OVER. FOR THE FIRST time anywhere.

This is the first issue of our new, upgraded, high-gloss *National Lampoon*, the kind of publication that makes as bold a statement with its splashy two-page Table of Contents as it does in its deposition before the Audit Bureau of Circulation. The kind of publication that's as generous in its headline type sizes as it is stingy with its expense accounts.

Not all about the "new" *NatLamp* is tinsel and bleed-through, however. There are a couple of new departments we're kind of proud of, including "First Strike," in which we introduce new chuckle-mongers to the world, and "But Seriously, Folks . . ." in which seasoned chuckle-mongers reveal all about their sordid lives. The beautiful Lindsay McKean and the victimized Warren Leight kick 'em off.

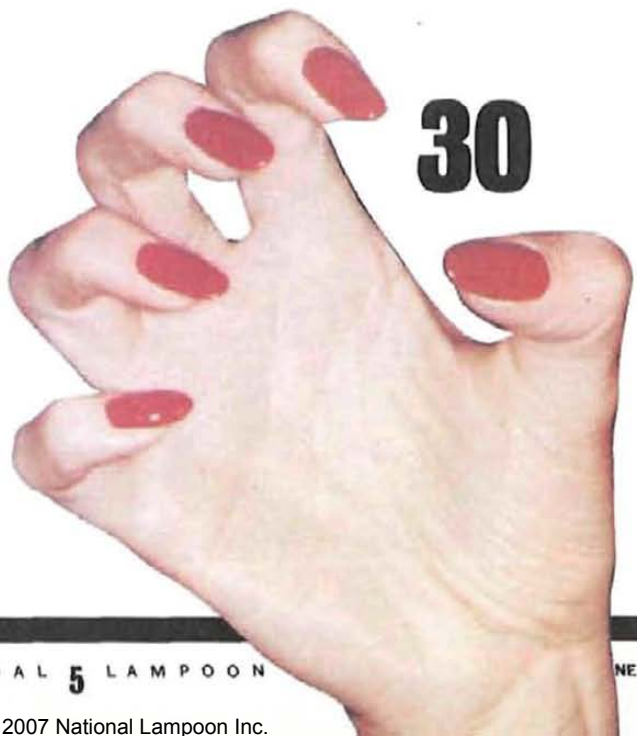
Anyway, we really, really—no, I'm serious, really, we mean it—hope you enjoy our new look. It's really, really important to us that new readers, attracted initially by our splashy graphic package, mistake us for a service magazine and take us home. We take pride in our work here, goddamnit. Leave me alone, I'm tired.

—G.E.



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Employee of the Month



Carol Epstein: The employee of the month for June is editorial associate Carol Epstein. Plucky, cheerful, an ever resourceful gal-on-the-go, Carol is always ready to dole out petty cash from the shoe box, and pretend no editor has been in the country for the last six months.

Carol earned the coveted plaque and half-price luncheon certificate (good at any midtown beefsteak Charlie's) for her quick thinking upon the unexpected arrival of contributor Mike Ferris. "The editors are all out to lunch now," said Carol. "But when they come back they'll all go into the prop closet," she added, shooting him inside. He was discovered three hours later by Curran and Gaffney, who remembered just in time that he was a good friend of theirs from college. "But you did do the right thing, Carol," said Curran. "Yeah, it was an educational experience for the guy," added Gaffney. "He thinks he can use sonar like a bat now. And he found a hat." —K.P.C. and P.C.G.

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LETTERS

Sirs:

My husband has been into this Eastern meditation stuff for two years, and now he claims to have reached enlightenment. Frankly, I'm tired of paying extra to have his saffron robe creased along the time-space continuum. As far as the enlightenment business goes, I've been watching him closely and I've yet to see his jowl tense up, or his chest plate blush, or his nipples get erect. If you ask me, he's faking it, just like I've been doing for fifteen years now.

Mrs. Karl Phillips
El Cerrito, Calif.

Sirs:

Is it just me, or does the guy who wears the goalie's mask in all the ax-murderer movies look like Billy Smith of the Islanders?

Wayne Gretzky
Edmonton, Canada

Sirs:

We're confident that if only Alan had the right format, he'd be dynamite. He's a very talented guy—writes, warbles, and waters his own plants, and he's very knowledgeable on current events. So we're going to set the show at the U.N., replace Richard Belzer with Yasser Arafat, and call it *Thicke of the Nightline*. Yes, that's the only joke in this letter.

Fred Silverman
Havabananana, Calif.

Sirs:

These Martians land in Central Park right next to the jogging path. One of the Martians points—OW!! Fuck!!! I banged my ankle! Goddamnit, that hurts! Ow! Ow! Ow!

Never Mind the Fucking Joke
Shit. It hurts.

Sirs:

Last week I had Don Knotts on my show, a brilliant performer who's grown from great adversity yet still hasn't lost the common touch, and he said, "Y'know, sometimes, when I'm really nervous, I think semen's dripping from my nose." Then I made what I thought was a psychologically perceptive remark: "Perhaps you should

blow your nose less often," and the man from Standards and Practices cut it. This was not an isolated incident. The censors always seem to cut out my best remarks. With censorship like that, no wonder people think I'm an asshole.

Tom Cottle
A grand canyon of the mind

Sirs:

There's a small animal over by that tree. There's a big brown one. That one over there seems to be eating, wouldn't you agree?

A Tour Guide Who Doesn't
Know Very Much
Wild National Park

Sirs:

Have you seen *Terms of Endearment*? Oh, it's so sad. It's a three-hankie picture. It's even sadder than that, it's a four-hankie film. Five hankies. It's a five-hankie film. A dozen hankies. *Fifty hankies, this is a fifty-hankie film.* One hundred and ninety-eight hankies. Two thousand hankies. One hundred thou—ONE MILLION hankies. This film requires one million hankies. A billion hankies. A hundred billion hankies.

Jane Drooleyes
Hanky Panky, N.H.

Sirs:

Achoo! Oh shit, I knew I shouldn't have slept with the window open! This may be one summer cold I never get over.

Calvin Klein
Fire Island, N.Y.

Sirs:

Here's a piece of data from our most recent study on Americans' attitudes toward money that I thought you might like to use in your magazine: 56 percent of people who use pay telephones check the coin-return slot after finishing their call just in case some change may have been sent back by mistake.

Trying to keep America informed.
Florence Skelly
President
Yankelovich, Skelly and White
New York, N.Y.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21)

"4X4 OF THE YEAR"

For the first time ever, all three leading off-road magazines made the same choice. Jeep.

If you're thinking about 4-wheel drive, consider this. The all-new leaner, meaner size Jeep Cherokee has just been named "4x4 of the Year" by all three leading off-road magazines: *4 Wheel & Off-Road*, *Four Wheeler*, and *Off-Road*. That's never been done before.

Ride and drive is what it's all about.

The all-new Cherokee was compared to the toughest competitors available, foreign and domestic. They were driven thousands of miles through snow, soft sand, subfreezing temperatures, and high winds—on and off the road.

4 Wheel & Off-Road said: "Cherokee scored well across the

board, excelling in our evaluations of mechanical, urban and off-road driving and interior comfort." *Four Wheeler* called the Cherokee Sportwagon: "the year's most significant advance in 4-wheeling." *Off-Road* said: "Jeep is a smaller, more maneuverable off-road vehicle that provides plenty of room."

Test drive it and compare for yourself.

Compared to Bronco II and S-10 Blazer 4x4, only Cherokee has four doors, room for five, and a choice of two

4-wheel drive systems. And Cherokee has higher ground clearance, higher horsepower per pound, and the highest gas mileage. (24) EPA EST MPG/33 EST HWY.*

It's nice to be named No. 1, but not unexpected. After all, Jeep wrote the book on 4-wheel drive. Buy or lease the triple award winning Cherokee, or the luxurious new Wagoneer Sportwagons. Only at your Jeep dealer.

*Use these figures for comparison. Your results may differ due to driving speed, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage and California figures will probably be less.

SAFETY BELTS SAVE LIVES.

Jeep is a registered trademark of Jeep Corporation



Triple award winning
JEEP  **CHEROKEE SPORTWAGON**

INFORMER

Reagan Bombs in China

MEMO OF THE MONTH

PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN, IN the usual election-year salute to the Great Wall of China, made a decisively poor impression on the Chinese last April.

Many Chinese, to begin with, confused the visit of the Reagan entourage with Bob Hope's Christmas USO

tours. When the president arrived in Beijing without Joey Heatherton, Brooke Shields, and Jerry Colonna, the Chinese were quite disappointed.

"He could have solved this whole Taiwan problem with the proper presentation," Chinese leaders said. "A few jokes, a few swings of the golf club—we'd be talking like salesmen!"

Other Reagan gaffes during the visit included Nancy's incessant efforts to buy every antique in sight, and Reagan's insistence that the Chinese "forget this Communist claptrap and get real with the world."

On his return to America, Reagan was delighted to find that Bob Hope, holding down the fort in Washington, had met with more luck. "This country's wild, man," Hope commented. "Just call me Bob 'Don't Push the Button' Hope!"—*F. G.*

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON
June 1, 1984

TO: All Concerned
FROM: BR
RE: High-Concept Wars

In the future, I will limit all U.S. military involvement to foreign conflicts which can be described to me in two or three sentences. This will keep us out of messy foreign entanglements such as Lebanon and that nightmare in Central America, and increase our activities in places like Grenada.

To further facilitate this, I have appointed Jack Valenti, former head of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, as my new secretary of state.

How the Grads of 1984 See the World

COMPILED BY
WARREN LEIGHT

I believe it is important to develop a meaningful philosophy of life.

1984 Grads 24% 1969 Grads 87%

I do not know what "philosophy" means.

87% 17%

I would fire my own mother if the bottom line demanded it.

97% 45%

I would, in fact, like to fire my mom and send my clothes to be washed in Mexico, where wages are lower and life is cheap.

78% 28%

I am willing to die for my country.

14% 15%

I am willing to kill if it would look good on my résumé.

83% 21%

I like to smoke marijuana and listen to Joni Mitchell albums.

0% 34%

I like to snort cocaine and then read the *Wall Street Journal*.

100% 12%

I am willing to listen to Joni Mitchell albums if it would look good on my résumé.

83% 34%

I believe our presence in Vietnam to have been immoral.

24% 67%

I do not know what Vietnam is, but I'd be interested in hiring Vietnamese laborers to do my laundry.

78% 11%

BURN, BABY, BURN

IN THE WAKE OF MICHAEL JACKSON'S tragic accident, when his hair ignited while filming a commercial for Pepsi-Cola, a number of black celebrities have "come out of the closet" and admitted that they, too, often have a problem with their hair lighting up.

"I think it's the stuff we use on it," said Rick James in a recent news conference. "It's an oil-based petroleum by-product, and as such is extremely flammable. Personally, I'm so hot, my hair sometimes goes up all by itself."

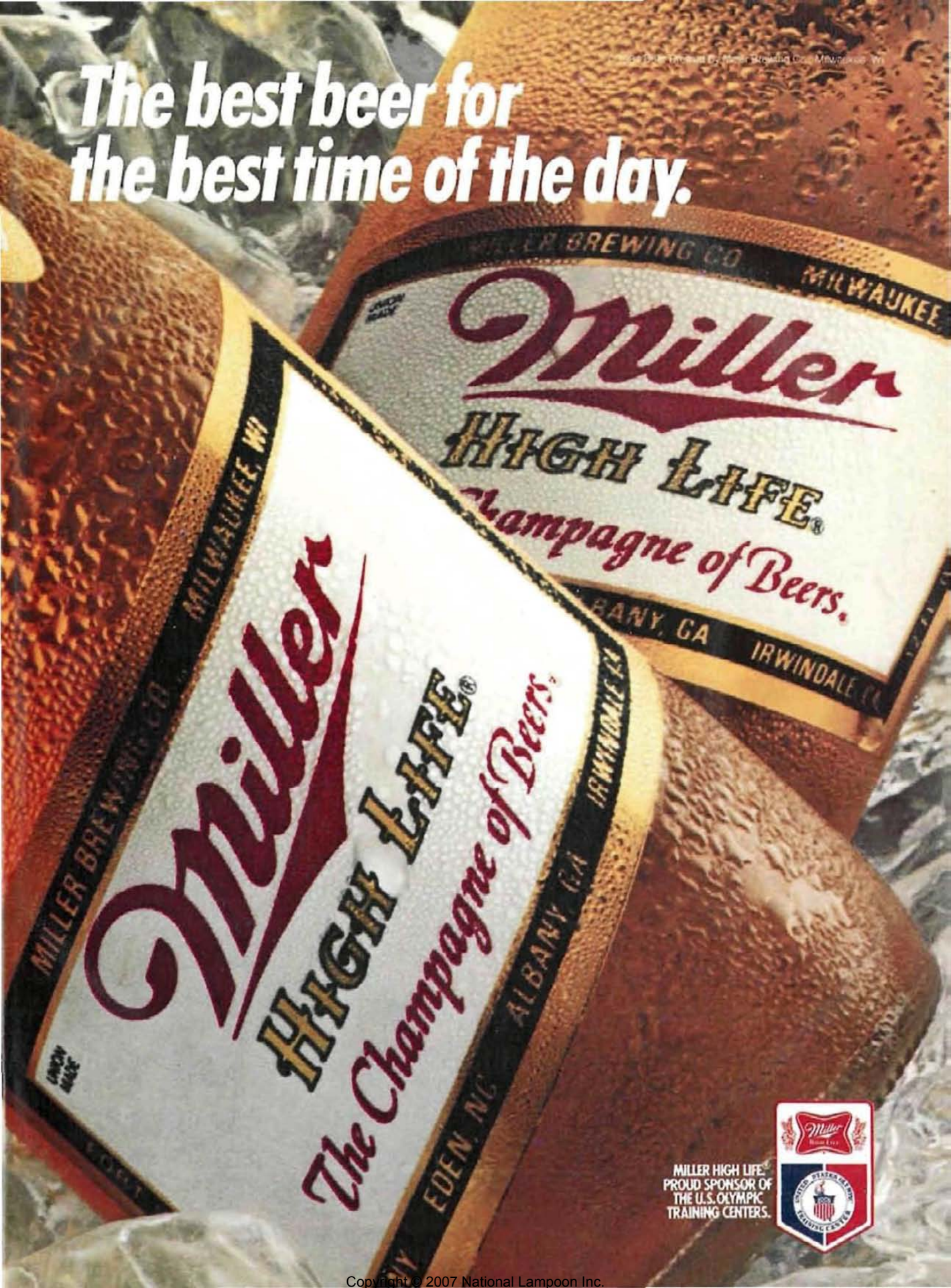
"Sure, it happens to me all the time," added black entertainer Sammy Davis Jr. "But my friends have learned to live with it. It's like Ol' Blue Eyes once told me, 'Just don't leave your cinders on the furniture.'"

Richard Pryor was unavailable for comment.—*C. R. & F. G.*



Diana Ross, coping with the curse of the black entertainer.

The best beer for
the best time of the day.



MILLER HIGH LIFE
PROUD SPONSOR OF
THE U.S. OLYMPIC
TRAINING CENTERS.



DATELINE GRENADA

—Out my hotel window I can see a young G.I. handing a chocolate bar to a Grenadian child. It's a ritual as old as war itself.

Somehow, a chocolate bar makes the loss of your parents just a little easier to take. Don't ask why. That's war.

Like a lot of journalists, I was kept from the island while the rescue was taking place. It was tough for an old war-horse like me to be kept at bay, far from the sounds and smells of battle, away from the whine of bullets and the screams of dying men.

Still, there I was, isolated in the Oval Office with the president and the secretary of defense, forced to follow the action by field telephone, dispatch, and eyewitness accounts from officers under fire. As a journalist, I was hamstrung. But I did the best I could with the meager information available.

I can tell you it was a thrill for me when our boys hit the beaches. I was holding down the Oval Office while the president was in the bathroom. Secretary Weinberger was on the phone and Nancy was watching *Wheel of Fortune*.

Suddenly the radio crackled to life. The field commander asked for a go-ahead to land. It was time to shit or get off the pot. There was no one around to give the order, so I gave it myself.

"Go get 'em, Buck!" I shouted. I didn't know what his name really was, but all Marine commanders respond to "Buck." With that, the rescue was on.

As we know, the first to be saved were our kids in the medical school. It wasn't until later that I learned that Cap's boy, Joey, was a student there. Cap said the kid was in danger of flunking his finals. That explains why the operation was moved ahead two

days. Grades are out the window now. Joey starts next fall with a clean slate.

Within a few hours, most of the main objectives had been secured. As a journalist, I felt angry that some of my colleagues were kept out of the war zone. But as a Republican, I knew that my president and my government come first. That's why I also gave the go-ahead to sink a CBS dinghy that was approaching the island from the south.

It was touch-and-go, and for a while we were eating candy like aspirins. We hardly touched our pizza until the victory cry was heard.

But that was then. This is now. Most of the troopers have gone home. All that remains for those left behind is the pacification of subversive elements in the countryside and the establishment of an ironhanded military government and secret police force under a titular civilian head. Routine.

The people here have accepted the American military presence. You can see the respect on their faces each time the Marines roll by in an APC, M-60 machine guns trained on the highway. Some have called it fear. That's bullshit. All you have to do is track down your typical villager, give him a pack of cigarettes and a beer, release the safety on your M-16, and ask him how he feels about America. You'll get the answer you seek. And if you don't, well, you just might have found yourself a subversive.

Many people are wondering why the U.S. government would sacrifice lives in order to capture and hold a sleepy tourist haven like Grenada. The answer comes down to one word: nutmeg. Grenada is one of the world's largest producers of nutmeg. And what is nutmeg used in? Pumpkin pie. And where do you find the world's best pumpkin pie? You got it.

Sorry, Ivan, but a lot of hungry American kids are expecting pumpkin pie with their Thanksgiving dinners. The Marines aim to see they get it. ■

ALMANAC

June 2. America's 200-year-old statute prohibiting murder expires at midnight tonight.

June 5. Corn Day. You'd better hope to God that you've got all your corn planted by today, or you're not going to have a crop come harvest time this year.

June 6. June 6 may possibly be the date they invaded Normandy, but we're not altogether sure. It doesn't really matter, since they usually don't hold any celebrations with free beer to mark the event.

June 10. Up in Spriggs County, Washington, they say summer's not really here until they've held the Firemen's Field Days over in Baxter Springs. If you're up that way, it's a hell of a lot of fun. They've got rides and games, shooting galleries, lots of cotton candy, and everything. If you're not up that way, you might want to have a drink or two in honor of those brave volunteer firemen anyway.

June 12. A very odd thing happened on this day back in 1964, but it's really none of your business.

June 14. Flag Day. To mark this most patriotic of holidays, the Reagan administration is expected to have U.S. Marines raising Old Glory in a lot of places you've never heard of.

June 16. A big family picnic is planned for your backyard. Strangely, it's being held by a family you've never seen before. Also, it seems they've miscalculated the number of people showing up, and they wonder if you'd be willing to make a run for some more hot dogs and Pepsi.

June 17. Anniversary of the Water-gate break-in. We thought we'd all get together over at the Nixons' apartment on Park Avenue and reminisce.

June 21. Summer is officially under way. You can now start drinking gin and tonics and not feel like a fag.

June 25. A desperate attempt to base the final joke of this month's "Almanac" on the fact that today is the 108th anniversary of Custer's Last Stand fails dismally.—P. G.

Amtrak Unveils Exciting New Feature

AMTRAK, THE NATION'S TROUBLED PASSENGER RAILROAD, HAS TURNED over a new leaf in an effort to lure passengers. President Dale F. Pullman explained the policy change at a recent planning conference at the Amtrak headquarters in Washington. "Schedules. It never dawned on us before, but schedules can really come in handy. If we can tell passengers they leave New York at 12:00 noon and arrive in Chicago the next day at 2:59 P.M., it makes a world of difference."

Schedules are now being printed in Taiwan as a cost-saving measure, with delivery expected by early 1986.—D.Y.S.

They don't just reduce tape noise. They eliminate it. Technics cassette decks with Dolby[®] B, C and dbx.[®]

This remarkable series of Technics cassette decks represents an important technological advance in the fight against tape noise. Because unlike other decks that give you only one or the other, Technics now gives you: Dolby B noise reduction for compatibility with your present tape collection. Dolby C for compatibility with the new "C" encoded tapes. And dbx to eliminate virtually every decibel of audible tape noise. All in one deck.



dbx is effective because it compresses a musical signal so its dynamic range is cut in half. When the tape is played back, the original dynamic range is restored, but the noise level is pushed below the level of audibility.

This allows loud passages to be recorded without distortion and soft ones without hiss.

These Technics cassette decks go on to give you computerized performance, microprocessor feather-touch controls, Music Select to automatically find any song on the tape, Music Repeat to replay a song up to 16 times, and a remaining time display to tell you how much recording is left on a tape.

In addition, there is automatic tape bias and EQ setting, expanded range (-40db to +18db) three-color FL meters to handle all the dynamic range dbx gives you, the accuracy and precision of two-motor drive and more.

Explore all of the Technics cassette decks with Dolby B, C and dbx. After all, why own a deck that just reduces tape noise, when you can own one that also eliminates it. Technics.

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.
©dbx is a registered trademark of dbx, Inc.

Technics
The science of sound

Pay Phone Rates to Rise by 10,000 Percent

DUE TO FUNDAMENTAL CHANGES in the telephone system after the AT&T breakup, the telephone company (whoever that now is) has announced that rates on pay-telephone calls could rise by as much as 10,000 percent.

"You are no longer making a simple pay-phone call," said an AT&T spokesman, "you are leasing the services of a number of very independent and very costly companies."

The new ten-dollar phone call would raise revenue for the following companies:

AmGroundCo The company that leases and operates the area on which the pay phone is situated.

StandEx The conglomerate that operates and owns the metal pole on which the pay phone is placed.

WordModeCo The company that is responsible for all printed matter related to the pay phone, including the "Phone" sign, the letters and numbers on the push buttons, and the little piece of paper that tells you what number you are calling from.

Cashbox, Inc. Operates and maintains the collection box.

SlotCo Operates and maintains the coin slot, keeping it free of matchbook covers, slugs, etc.

PhoneWire, Assoc. Responsible for all electrical wiring in the phone, but not the plastic insulation on the wiring, which is the responsibility of . . .

TelePlastic Controls everything plastic on the telephone, including the handset and the little piece of plastic covering the phone number placed there by WordModeCo.

Operator Systems, Inc. Operates and controls the life of anyone who answers a phone call for the time he remains on the phone.—F. G.

PBS SUMMER LINEUP

PBS, IN AN EFFORT TO GAIN NEW viewers who might be disenchanted with the summer rerun fare available on other networks, will offer the following beefed-up programming this summer:

Hamlet, Duke of Hazzard—Produced by the Burbank Shakespeare Society for PBS, this play kicks off the PBS Shakespeare Festival, with each role played by the members of the cast of *The Dukes of Hazzard*. Hamlet, however, is played by Kitt, the automotive marvel starring in *Knight Rider*.

Othello, M.D.—Jack Klugman takes on the most difficult case in his career as Quincy. He murders his wife, then must track down the murderer. Other murder mysteries coming up on PBS: *Hamlet and Hutch* and *Macbeth and Wife*.

The Supervixens Take On Dick Cavett—A new sex-education offering from PBS. Cavett hosts a round-table discussion with Russ Meyer and the cast of his thought-provoking film, *The Supervixens*

Take On City Hall.

Ordinary Alien—A sitcom based on the movie *Ordinary People*, the show deals with a bulimarexic alien who comes to Judd Hirsch with his problem. In the first episode Hirsch believes he's solved the alien's problem but discovers he's wrong when the alien devours him.

Quicksand Theatre—A British offering starring Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley. The characters trade quips with the queen of England while they all slowly sink into quicksand.

McMegalon vs. O'Godzilla—This season PBS intends to offer a rich cultural series in which Japanese monster movies are dubbed with Irish and Italian accents.

Let's Digress—William F. Buckley, Jr. hosts this talk show in which guests are encouraged to digress from the stated topic. This season's first episode begins with a discussion of the proposed Equal Rights Amendment and ends with the question "Would anyone notice if Mick Jagger was replaced by Don Knotts?"—B. M.



Reach into your savings and touch someone.

BLANDIE

Written by Glenn Eichler





WELL, I SUPPOSE IF I ever had a last chance to hang a loopy and give up my limo driver's hat for another ride as a professional stuntman, that

chance came yesterday. Turned out I was booked up at **Universal**. I was driving over to the lot a very promising young tech genius who told me he was finalizing a deal to sell **MCA** his patented process for turning baby-seal-skin into raw film stock. Hey, the technical film people out here can do some incredible things—have you seen *Spac Hunter 3-D*?

Anyway, up on the Hill, I ran into an old stunt buddy named Dale. He recalled with deep professional admiration a stunt I had invented while ramming into hitching posts during fights on Western sets. Now basically, most artists will go over the post and do a kind of somersault. But I had developed what I called a "limbo rake," whereby I would scoot *under* the bar, enabling me to take a hit from the post flush on the jaw. First time I unveiled my "limbo rake" on the set, the legendary director **Hal Needham** came over and said, "Son, we need thinkers like you in this business."

Well, my buddy Dale allowed there might be just the part for a man with my creative abilities up there in the Stuntman's Show of the **Universal** Tour. And, hey, bad back or no, you name me a man worth his sperm count who can stand on a movie lot and not get a hankering to fall off a roof. I told Dale I'd consider it.

The rest of the day I went through a painful period of self-examination and artistic replenishing—the kind **Richard Dreyfuss** speaks so eloquently about.

After all, how far had I really traveled lately? All I'd been doing the last couple of weeks was steering around town the likes of **Def Leppard**, **Eddie Murphy**, and **Ann Miller** without being able to make a major relationship that would allow me to make the break from driving to directing. Lying totally dormant in my glove compartment was my latest treatment, tentatively titled *Shop Class*, about a bunch of high school kids who build a rocket ship, then go up into space to salvage those two communications satellites we recently lost.

Maybe they take over the world; maybe they don't. I'd be a fool to reveal the payoff here so someone like

Steven Spielberg or **Ridley Scott** could steal it. Whichever, let's face it—slap a good sound track on that screenplay and you've got some legs and the right demographics. Unfortunately, no matter how hot I thought my treatment was, my agent, Ronnie, had been completely unable to arrange financing on a step deal for script development.

So you know I was pretty close to disconsolate and considering Dale's offer when, that night, I picked up an exceptionally gifted, multi-talented young actress. I was delivering her back from dinner at **Maurice's Snack Shack**, a laid-back fried-chicken place on Pico west of La Cienega. Her situation touched me deeply. I could see she was going through hell. Her TV series was about to go into syndication and she was staring at that hurdle all teenage girls have to face: the risky jump from episodic to features. She was all sniffling.

"Ma'am, if you'll permit me to say something . . ." I said, even though the driver's not supposed to. She was bent over a kind of flat mahogany board she'd set up on her knees so as to snort a few inches of soda, but she looked

up at me anyway. That's how open and approachable even the biggest Hollywood celebrities are, contrary to what you may have heard.

"You shouldn't worry so much," I said.

"Easy for you to say," she told me. "Every good Movie of the Week goes to **Valerie Bertinelli** or **Melissa Gilbert**. My production company hasn't even seen a decent script in three months, at least not one we could bring in for under a million and a half."

I know it was a breach of driver/client privilege, but right then I pitched her *Shop Class*. Her people haven't gotten back to me on it yet, but it was just the discussion we had on story points and production that night, speeding along Sunset, that made me really, really feel stoked on the future of cinema. I mean, I've done the "limbo rake." It's time to move on.

Man, she lived way up on Mandeville Canyon. What a view!

Editor's note: Employed by a fashionable Los Angeles limousine service, "Stretch" is the *nom de plume* of the official gossip columnist for the *National Lampoon*. ■

DR. MCGILlicuddy's MENTHOLMINT SCHNAPPS

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Q&A

This month's Q & A features a National Lampoon interview with General Muammar el-Qaddafi.

National Lampoon: Okay, here's the scene: By coincidence, you and President Reagan happen to be on the same plane sitting next to each other. What happens?

Muammar el-Qaddafi: Like two responsible world leaders, we would discuss our mutual problems and analyze roads toward peaceful coexistence among all nations. Then an ugly fight would break out over the last foil-pack of peanuts. I would stab Mr. Reagan repeatedly with a cold piece of silverware and tie his plastic headphones tightly around his neck for the duration of the flight. We would agree to meet again soon for further talks.

NL: Tell us about your childhood. What was your family like?

MQ: I loved my family very much. They made sure I got the best education and sacrificed a great deal for me. Later, when they objected to my opposition and eventual overthrow of King Idris I in the late sixties, I was deeply saddened to

find them all dead one day from gunshot wounds in the head.

NL: What sort of woman turns you on?

MQ: I desire a woman to have strong, individualistic views on world affairs as long as they agree with mine. She must be able to intelligently discuss Marx, Tolstoy, and Doc Savage. Call me finicky, but I insist on a clean body that is scrubbed on a weekly basis. Above all, she should have a sweet disposition and a minimum of hair on her face and buttocks. While personality is more important than looks, I admit: the Solid Gold Dancers give me a considerable boner.

NL: Powerful men such as you and Fidel Castro and "Rocky" often have a soft spot for animals. Are you by chance a closet pet fancier?

MQ: Your sources inform you well. Given the choice, I prefer the companionship of fluffy rabbits, and on special occasions, a Yorkie. I gently place the animal on a Borg-Warner Model A-550 machine lathe with

the aid of two vise clamps. After it gets accustomed to spinning around at 2500 rpm, I employ the use of different tool bits to playfully tease my pet, like a grooving blade that shears off its skin and fur in one long swirl, somewhat like an automatic apple peeler. I tell you, it's a riot to see a little skinless dog try to walk straight after his "work-outs." Sometimes I think my pets have more fun than I do!—D.Y.S.



BY NEW JERSEY

DYING BOY HAS LAST WISH

WHEN LITTLE ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD DANNY PHILLIPS OF NAPERVILLE, ILLINOIS, found out from doctors that he was dying of cancer, he tearfully told his parents that he had but one regret.

"I've never porked a girl," he sobbed. "You know, boned, dorked, balled, made, screwed, nailed, banged, boffed, copulated with, deflowered, defiled, poked, pounded, wienered, let the ol' wanger wizz, ditched the sausage, gone flesh-splunking, driven home the old pipe, served up the tube steak, used the hydraulic jack with the piston action, shtupped, taken the cherry, boldly come where no man has come before, ridden the pudendum express, nabbed the snapper, poached some beaver, eaten at the Y, put on the wet suit and gone clam-diving, rolled in the hay, or even said hello to old Jack McNasty."

Touched by the youth's remarkable plea, the parents contacted their pastor at the Most Holy Divine Saving Grace Baptist Church & Grill. The parish has begun a drive to raise ten thousand dollars for Danny—the amount charged by Charlene Tilton of Dallas to perform sex for dying minors.—T. R.

Strange Migration

IN WHAT LOCAL AUTHORITIES termed "some sort of weird migratory syndrome," two million teenage girls with ponytails descended on a trailer park in Sioux City, Iowa, where they milled about for several hours chanting "I'm pregnant with Brian Jones's child." The crowd then dispersed, leaving behind huge piles of Bazooka bubble gum wrappers. Authorities were baffled.—T. R.

Princeton 200, Virginia Tech 77, Georgia Tech 74

Major World War League

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W	L	Pct.	Wars* Behind
Soviet Union	27	0	1.000	—
England	109	53	.670	53
Nicaragua	104	58	.640	58
Iran†	100	61	.620	61½
Iraq†	100	61	.620	61½
Honduras	80	82	.490	82
El Salvador	78	84	.480	84
Switzerland	0	0	.000	162
Argentina	0	162	.000	162
N. Cyprus††	—	—	.000	—

THE AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	Pct.	Wars* Behind
United States	148	14	.910	—
Israel	144	18	.890	4
Cuba	120	42	.740	42
Libya	116	46	.720	46
Angola	102	60	.630	60
S. Africa	88	74	.540	74
Syria	81	81	.500	81
Lebanon	3	159	.020	159
Poland	1	161	.006	161
Grenada	0	162	.000	162

YESTERDAY

U.S.S.R. 386, Afghanistan 18
 Syria 166, U.S. 23 (at Beirut)
 Uganda 208, Uganda 208 (reign delay)
 Iran 2,868, Iraq 2,867 (overtime)

TOMORROW

U.S. at El Salvador
 U.S.S.R. at Afghanistan
 Iran at Iraq
 Syria at Israel (Golan Heights)

*Also includes: political assassinations, civilian massacres, military coups, territorial incursions, religious riots, random bombings, incidents of forced labor or torture, and, in the case of more peaceful nations, various sexual misdemeanors.

†Top four nations in each league fight for league title, worth \$25,000 and chance for all-out assault against other league champ, for world title. (Natural rivalries, for the most part, determine league matchups.)

††Expansion nation (from Asia Minor League).

NIT glance

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VISUAL EFFECTS BY RICHARD EDLUND, A.S.C. EXECUTIVE PRODUCER BERNIE BRILLSTEIN WRITTEN BY DAN AYKROYD AND HAROLD RAMIS

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY IVAN REITMAN



THE TEN BEST PROMS IN AMERICA

EACH YEAR AT THIS TIME WE send editors Peter Gaffney and Kevin Curran to more than three hundred proms in thirty-eight states and the District of Columbia. Their dates? Pert and perky cheerleaders chosen by a special lottery system patterned after the Brazilian *loteria*. Each year, with trashed tuxedos and confused memories, they return with a disheveled sheaf of notes and several lawsuits. Their unprintable article is invariably tossed in the garbage can, which is why this year we hired an independent consulting firm to rate America's ten best proms. For color, we have retained a few off-the-cuff remarks from Curran and Gaffney's ill-conceived opus.

We've grudgingly paid them our standard three-and-a-half-cents-a-word rate, slightly reducing their staggering debt to the magazine.

And now for the results:

1. Hanrahan High School, Hanrahan, South Carolina. The punch is purple Jesus; the girls are horny teen Dallas Cowboy-cheerleader types; and last year the band boasted Jimmy Buffett, Mick Ronson, and several live members of the former Allman Brothers. Mr. Peterson does get a bit long-winded with his crowning speech, but stick around for the Coke-a-thon and pig wrassle down by the docks. "I woke up face down in the mud out on the tidal flats," admits Curran, "but I think I had fun."

2. El Promo Fantastico, Rio Lobo High, El Paso, Texas. Sizzling Tex-Mex food goes great with oversized margaritas, and on this extra-special night Texas Rangers look the other way if you're underage. (They do shoot their guns into the sky upon request.) But don't get too drunk, because your dates will be saying "Sí, sí, yanqui hombre" in hopes of a marriage vow and a green card. Sneak out of bed early and enjoy huevos rancheros and Dos Equis at Dr. Ray's.

3. Pyramid High School, Maui, Hawaii. You'll be upside down with joy as hard-nippled, long-limbed daughters of sixties burnouts offer drugs, recreational sex, and impromptu palm-reading sessions off the shore of one of nature's most unspoiled paradises. That's right, the prom is held not by but *in* the warm, tranquil Pacific. You'd better hope you still have the coordination to swim across the bay for carnal delights at the lavish estate used for the filming of TV's *Magnum, P.I.* "Man, you can get primo weed on this island for about \$150 a pound," raves Gaffney. "Not that we use that stuff, of course," adds Curran.

4. John Bendel's Prom of Horrors, Paramus Park, New Jersey. Each year former editor and mystery man John Bendel hosts his own private prom for the cream of the Jersey teen crop in his eerie castle dwelling by the sea. Bendelarra. John's *Carrie*-like theatricals are not for the faint of heart, but his liquor, taste in music, and manner are all first-rate. "How are those True Facts coming?" asks Curran, swigging from a bottle of Rebel Yell as he swings drunkenly from a crystal chandelier.

5. Breedmore School for Girls, Helmhurst, Maryland. Academically and genetically, this private academy is top drawer. No men are allowed on the grounds of the school, so the prom is a yelping, squealing, nuzzling, all-girl affair. "My high heels are killing me, but otherwise I'm having the time of my life," notes an overly made-up Gaffney.

6. Wallerwag High School, Wallerwag, Arkansas. This is a real hit-or-miss affair. Last year they got some bad moonshine, and the entire senior class went blind. On the positive side, however, this is one of the few proms in the country where they won't think you're a homo if you come with your sister.

PAULINE CRIST ON FILM

Footless Recluse Teens in Heat

FOOTLESS RECLUSE TEENS IN HEAT, which looks like the last of Francis Ford Coppola's remaining Zoetrope projects, introduces us at the outset to two disturbed teens. Richi (Matt Dillon) and Suki (Natassja Kinski). Richi is the bad psycho, the psycho who refuses to participate in group, who breaks into the line when it's time for medication. Suki is the good psycho, the psycho for whom ten minutes alone with a diary she never writes in is reward enough for a sad life. They communicate through sign language, and sex.

Richi and Suki meet on the first day of school, a day when no one can really see anyone else, due to the dreams and flashbacks traveling hazily through the halls. Richi's cronies, played with Seven Dwarf-like proficiency by Tom Cruise, Sean Penn, Kevin Bacon, Matthew Broderick, Nicolas Cage, Chris Penn, and Chris Atkins, wreak havoc on the school when they learn that Richi won't be allowed to dance, and most of all

not be allowed to dance with Suki.

Enter Keir Dullea, as R. D. Laing. Insanity is in the eye of the beholder, he tells us, and looking into Richi's and Suki's eyes, he sees, in a series of flashbacks and dreams, the key to their disturbances. In Richi's case, it is a diet of Twinkies and chili sauce, and a mother (played by Ellen Burstyn) who would rather hang out the laundry than hang on her son's every word. For Suki, it is an oafish French uncle (in a cameo wasted on Yves Montand) who raped her after killing her parents in an airplane crash.



Daniel Stern might have had a big role—if his agent had returned Coppola's call.

Tom Waits, as the male nurse, and Diane Lane, as herself, work very hard decorating the gym, and, finally, the disturbed kids have their dance. Kinski begins to speak high school French, and Dillon switches from Twinkies to jelly-stuffed Granola bars. It looks as if it might work out, a note of optimism from the otherwise bleak-voiced Coppola.—L. G. & F. G.

7. The Senior Promenade (pronounced promen-odd, not aid), Wimbelsby Academy, Dexter, Massachusetts. America's oldest prom (founded 1636), the Wimbelsby Senior Promenade is rooted in the noblest traditions of New England aristocracy. Young gentlemen are still required to leave their muskets at the door; young ladies are still required to leave all their clothes at the door. "Whoever said those Pilgrim fathers didn't know how to have fun?" quips Curran before being forcibly ejected from the affair when he is unmasked as a Catholic.

8. Bear Mountain High School, Picapec, West Virginia. The only prom held underground within the contiguous U.S., according to David Wallechinsky's *Big Book of Proms*. Bear Mountain seniors and their lucky dates hop on an elevator for the trip to their unusual prom site—a working coal mine two miles beneath West Virginia's breathtaking Blue Ridge Mountains. Following the festivities, the men in the class take off their tuxedos and put on their hard hats as they start the first day of their lifelong careers as miners.

9. The Prom Glider, Somewhere Up There in the Clouds. An exciting romp among the stars with Cap'n Jim "Ace" McLean and his crew. Curran and Gaffney agreed that this was one of their most memorable prom experiences, but expressed concern over safety and the intentions of Los Amigos Pequeños Agencia de la Insurancia.

10. Slovak Prom, Steelville High School, Steelville, Pennsylvania. "Slovak Prom, Slovak Prom, Slovak Prom—hey!" cry the cheerful Steelville funsters after donning their great woolen gray party coats and strapping on their dancing boots. The predominantly Slovak population of Steelville lovingly recreates the look and feel of an actual prom in its homeland, including the tractor races, hoisting of the king and queen, and mandatory security checks. "Durbid Sopcheck's band plays with extraordinary zest," notes Curran. "Pass me the alloyed-potato treat," requests a dazed Gaffney.—P. G. & K. C.

INFORMER

Editor: Fred Graver

Contributors: Mitch Coleman, Kevin Curran, Roger Director, Glenn Eichler, T. J. Englander, Peter Gaffney, Lynn Geller, Fred Graver, Dave Jaffe, Warren Leight, Brian McCormick, Charlie Rubin, Terry Runte, and Dave Yuzo Spector

You never forget your first Girl.



Imported from Germany
BREWERS SINCE THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

OFF THE SUBJECT

"People who want to pray in school would be better off trying to learn something in church."

—The Old Professor



A JESUIT HIGH-SCHOOL classmate of mine, Chico Fernandez, took advantage of morning prayer time in the classroom (when the teacher turned his back on us to face the crucifix above the blackboard): Chico jerked off. He had the whole procedure down to the time it takes to say one Our Father, one Hail Mary, the Doxology, and the Morning Offering.

Some of us assumed it was a variant—albeit primitive—religious practice among Chico's fellow Costa Ricans. His name wasn't really Chico, of course, but we called him that in honor of a certain shortstop. In fact, he had been christened Jesus.

Certain contemporary events bring Chico to mind. The controversial removal of crucifixes from Polish schoolrooms, for one. Is the Church there protesting unwarranted State interference in the sex lives of the faithful? Did you or I know that in poor oppressed Poland there have been crucifixes in the classrooms all this time? Is the Polish government, at long last, cracking down on anti-Semitism?

And then, of course, there is the presidentially consecrated effort to reintroduce prayer into American classrooms. (Since the Democrats appear unwilling to supply a worthy opponent, the Aged Incumbent has decided to run this time against the Prince of Darkness, dat ol' debbil Secular Humanism hisself.)

Now, the idea seems to be that a few minutes' conversation with the First Cause just after the salute to the flag and before fractions might do the kids some psychic, moral, intellectual, or other kind of good. But I'm here to submit that we have empirical evidence to the contrary.

Parochial, that is, Roman Catholic, students (like Chico and me) have for generations started every single blessed school day with a veritable litany. Yet there is no evidence that your average American Catholic is smarter, more

genteel, more law-abiding, or, for that matter, more Republican than any other citizen. (On the contrary, as, one supposes, most Protestants would agree.)

In fact, it is difficult to establish, objectively, a direct correlation between prayerfulness and right-thinking Reaganism. Why, those swarthy myriad Muslims against whom King Ronald the Geritol-Hearted wages his frequent Crusades are a blatantly devout bunch, who to a man pray loudly and often, in school and elsewhere.

Now, I admit, with your Muslim man and your Papist, you've got fellows praying to the wrong God entirely. The



Aged Incumbent's own daddy figured that out, and he changed the spelling of his name and the denomination of his faith some time back, just as Ronnie himself later changed political parties. There's a great tradition of Pragmatic Conversion in the Reagan family. No, when it comes to classroom prayer, what we're talking about, surely, is that old-time religion—born-again, Bible-believing, no-frills, seersucker Puritan American Christianity!

And if the Aged Incumbent himself doesn't exactly attend church, or give to the needy, or comfort the afflicted, or forgive his enemies, but on the contrary continually kills and lies and grows rich—well, it's the *principle* of the thing we're talking about, isn't it?

We're talking, my fellow Christians (as behooves us), about the poor. Now,

the thing to remember is that man does not live by bread alone. It isn't whether you have anything to eat that matters, but whether you say grace before meals. O, ye of little faith! Ask not for a place to live, but for a "Bless This House" sampler. And ask not to be spared being barbecued, you and your children and the family dog, in a thermocuclear fit of Christian or Commie pique, for remember that you go to your heavenly reward thereby. . . .

And these selfsame revealed, abiding, and self-evident truths apply in the realm of education.

In his inspired wisdom, the Leader of the Free World has himself recently observed that the quality of American education is declining. (He went on to point out that its costs have greatly increased. His minor premise was that increased funds had ipso facto decreased educational standards; his conclusion was that totally abolishing federal aid to education would produce a nation of geniuses. Q.E.D. But that's logic. We're talking here about something else entirely—religion.)

It is true that the average American classroom, when it is not a playpen or a concentration camp, is a free-fire zone. It is true that teachers are underpaid, and working down to their salaries; that the best classroom teachers are immediately yanked out of classrooms and placed in offices with filing cabinets; that educators do not know what to teach, and would not have the skills or resources to do so if they did know; that our educational system, reflecting our society's values, as it must, treats children as—well, a nuisance. It is true that like all cultures, we have the school system (and the penal system, and the government) we think we want—and thus the one we deserve.

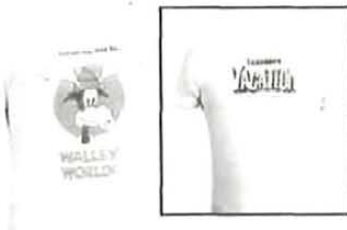
But now, running to Beat the Devil, along come Ron and the Right Thinkers, insisting on their personal right to starve, miseducate, draft, and atomically crisp children whose only personal right is to get born; banners waving, over the hill in the nick of time, with a Constitutional amendment to get God back into the classrooms, where He belongs.

Because as things now stand, the children don't have a prayer. ■

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- MARCH 1976/In Like a Lion
- APRIL 1976/Olympic Sports
- MAY 1976/Unwanted Foreigners
- SEPTEMBER 1976/The Latest Issue
- OCTOBER 1976/The Funny Pages
- NOVEMBER 1976/Is Democracy Fixed?
- DECEMBER 1976/Selling Out
- JANUARY 1977/Surefire Issue
- FEBRUARY 1977/IFK Reinaugural
- MARCH 1977/Science and Technology
- APRIL 1977/Ripping the Lid off TV
- JUNE 1977/Careers
- JULY 1977/Nasty Sex
- AUGUST 1977/Cheap Thrills
- SEPTEMBER 1977/Grow Up!
- OCTOBER 1977/All Beatles
- NOVEMBER 1977/Lifestyles
- DECEMBER 1977/Christmas in December
- JANUARY 1978/The Role of Sex in History
- FEBRUARY 1978/Spring Fascism Preview
- MARCH 1978/Crime and Punishment
- APRIL 1978/Spring Cleaning
- MAY 1978/Families
- JUNE 1978/The Wild West



FEBRUARY 1978



JUNE 1979

- JULY 1978/100th Anniversary
- AUGUST 1978/Today's Teens
- SEPTEMBER 1978/Style
- OCTOBER 1978/Entertainment

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- JANUARY 1979/Depression
- MARCH 1979/Chance
- APRIL 1979/April Fool
- MAY 1979/International Communism and Terrorism
- JUNE 1979/Kids
- JULY 1979/Sports and Games
- AUGUST 1979/Summer Vacation
- SEPTEMBER 1979/Potpourri
- OCTOBER 1979/Comedy
- NOVEMBER 1979/Love
- DECEMBER 1979/Success
- JANUARY 1980/Fantasy
- FEBRUARY 1980/Tenth Anniversary
- MARCH 1980/March Miscellany
- APRIL 1980/Vengeance
- MAY 1980/Sex Roles

- JUNE 1980/Fresh Air
- JULY 1980/Slime, Swill, and Politics
- AUGUST 1980/Anxiety
- SEPTEMBER 1980/The Past
- OCTOBER 1980/Aggression



FEBRUARY 1980



MAY 1981

- NOVEMBER 1980/Potpourri
- DECEMBER 1980/Fun Takes a Holiday
- JANUARY 1981/Excess
- FEBRUARY 1981/Sin
- MARCH 1981/Women and Dogs
- APRIL 1981/Chaos
- MAY 1981/Naked Ambition
- JUNE 1981/Romance
- JULY 1981/Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1981/Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981/Back to School
- OCTOBER 1981/Movies
- NOVEMBER 1981/TV and Why It Sucks
- DECEMBER 1981/What's Hip?
- JANUARY 1982/Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982/The Sexy Issue
- MARCH 1982/Food Fight
- APRIL 1982/Failure
- MAY 1982/Crime
- JUNE 1982/Do It Yourself
- JULY 1982/Sporting Life
- AUGUST 1982/The New West
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- FEBRUARY 1983/Raging Controversy
- MARCH 1983/Tamper-Proof Issue
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- JUNE 1983/Adults Only
- JULY 1983/Vacation!
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LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

Sirs:

Modern gadgets are incredible. Take today's cameras. I was at my in-laws' house, and I had to pose a dozen of those morons in this one shot. Well, it took me a half hour to get it all arranged, and when I finally pushed the shutter, this monotone female voice in the camera said, "No film. Please load." Well, my in-laws all began to laugh like crazy, and I was feeling real shitty, when the voice in the camera said, "What the fuck are you ugly assholes laughing at?" Well, I tell you, that shut them up real fast! These modern things cover all the bases!

Barney Logan
Elizabeth, N.J.

Sirs:

I would like to report a strange occurrence. I was riding in a Toyota Corolla that my grandmother was driving, when suddenly she got this weird, euphoric expression on her face. Then she screamed at the top of her voice, "Oh! What a feeling!" and she leaped from her seat. Well, she fractured her skull on the roof and, of course, lost control of the car. The car careened into an embankment and, fortunately, came to a stop. I was able to get help, and today, thank heavens, my grandmother and I are just fine. But still, I think this is something the CPA should look into.

Harriet Simmons
Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

Scientists at my university have refuted the bogus theory of evolution once and for all: they have unearthed fossil remains that definitely prove Jesus had a pet dinosaur. It wore a studded leather collar three feet in diameter with the name "Bowser" on its tag.

You atheists have been dealt a stunning defeat.

Bob Jones, President
Bob Jones University
Bob Jones, N.C.

Sirs:

Some things are universal. Like when you get home real late at night, and you try not to wake up anybody, and even the slightest sound seems to make the loudest noise. Like, say, when you accidentally drop a grenade—it makes the *loudest* blast! Or if you trip over a mortar rocket and it explodes, it sounds like a virtual *thunderstorm*! Or say you open the refrigerator, and

it's booby-trapped—the whole house seems to collapse in one loud *bang*! All part of life's funny little tragedies, I guess.

Abdul Mohammed
Beirut, Lebanon

Sirs:

This letter is being written on a word processor. Tell me the truth, do I look like a normal letter, or do you notice something different about me? A couple of my friends pretended not to recognize me, but maybe they were just trying to boost my ego. I need your honest opinion. Can you tell? I went to the best word processor in town, and he promised I'd look completely natural after the operation, but I'm not sure. What do you think?

A Vain Letter
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

If California has the Silicon Valley, then Las Vegas has the Silicon Mountains—Bazooms! Mambo Bazooms! Get it? Ya get it? Hey, is this a crowd or a crematorium?

Jack "As Funny As Ever" Carter
Borscht Suspenders, Nev.

Sirs:

My name is "Gladman" Summers. I'm the cheerful sort, which is why I'm doing the introductions for the gang here, I guess. That's "Shorty" Carruthers over by the bar, and "Sleepy" Roberts. Guess you noticed "Shorty" isn't all that tall, and "Sleepy"—well, "Sleepy" always seems to be nodding off. I suppose "Sloppy" Bingham needs no further introduction. And "Boney" Harrison—well, he's dead. Kind of creepy when you think about it.

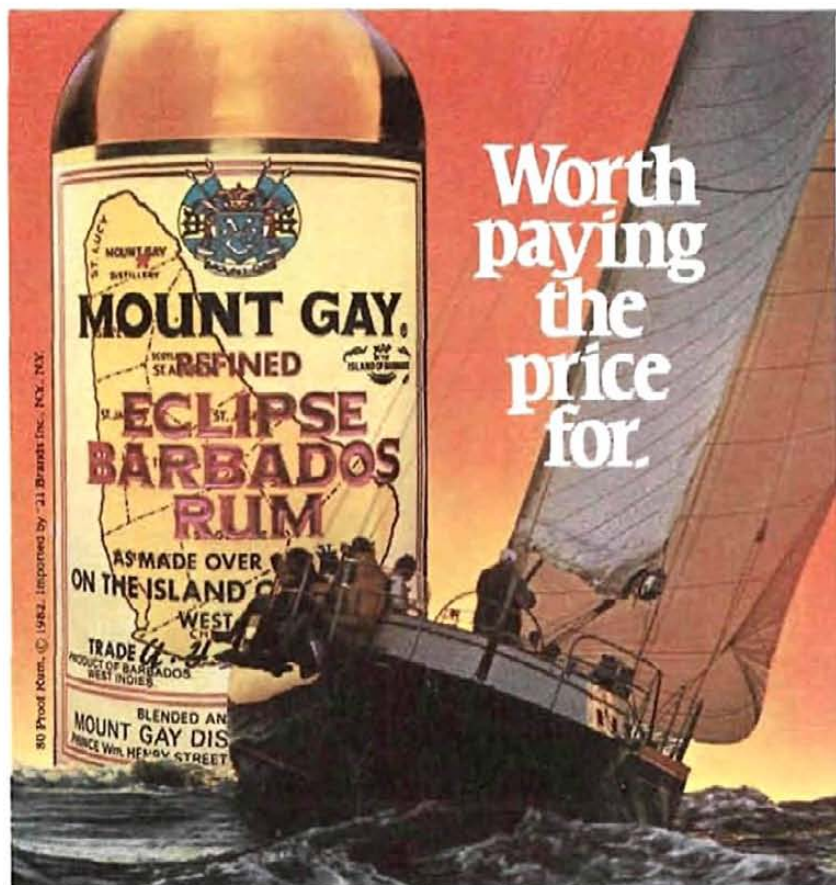
"Gladman" Summers
Dusty's Bar

Sirs:

Look at the big deal everyone is making over its being 1984! I hope that when 1985 rolls around, everyone remembers that I wrote a book by that name a while back, so I'm entitled to the same honors currently being heaped on dead Orwell. And my book was funny—without a lot of yawn-worthy socialist propaganda in the middle. Keep me in mind, folks.

Anthony Burgess
Sticking pins in a
William Golding doll

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 71)



TRUE FACTS

The Ritual Putt Dance



Soon to be a major motion picture starring Jennifer Beals, Kevin Bacon, and two Vietnamese refugees secretly doing all the dancing. (by Bill Moseley; all photographs from the archives of United Press International)

PRISON AUTHORITIES IN LAKE County, Illinois, tested an "electronic shackle" on four work-release inmates there. Worn strapped to the ankle, the four-ounce device sends out electronic signals to a computer in the sheriff's office that lets deputies know whenever the prisoner leaves the premises or turns off the system. However, two of the devices failed when the prisoners wearing them took baths.

"It didn't work out as well as we expected," said a spokesman for the device's distributor, National Incarceration Monitor and Control Services, Inc.

"The machines malfunctioned within two days," said Sheriff Robert Babcox. "After we found out what was wrong, we told the other two guys to keep one foot out of the tub." *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by John M. Andresen)

WHILE SWIMMING IN THE MIDST OF dense fog recently, one thousand ducks were swept over Niagara Falls. *New York Times* (contributed by Duck Divet)

POLICE IN LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA, arrested twenty-seven-year-old Douglas Alexander, whom they found hiding in the food freezer of a grocery store. Alexander had reportedly been in front of the store bouncing a basketball off the heads of passing women. *Lancaster Sunday News* (contributed by Harry Mellinger)

ALMOST EVERY DAY FOR FIFTY-FIVE years, Georgette Pepin has traveled from Montreal, Quebec, to Ottawa, Ontario, spending eight hours a day riding local buses between the two Canadian cities. She has been making the trip since 1928, eating breakfast at the Montreal bus station, lunch and supper at the Ottawa depot. Sometimes she visits a cousin, Mary Pepin, in Ottawa, but often she simply sits at the Ottawa bus depot for five hours, neither knitting nor reading, her hands folded in her lap. Pepin, now seventy-three years old, says she doesn't talk

LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, KING: 17 mg. "tar",
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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TRUE FACTS

with anyone regularly, and has no friends at either of the bus terminals.

Asked why she has been making this commute for so long, she replied, "It keeps me healthy. The doctor told me I shouldn't stay at home." *CP* (contributed by Ron Elias)

PRIESTS AT ST. BENEDICT'S ROMAN CATHOLIC Church in Newark, New Jersey, planned a mock baptism for about thirty-five little girls and their dolls to "bring them closer to Almighty God." But more than a hundred Cabbage Patch doll owners showed up at the church, while hundreds more called from out of town wishing to have their adopted dolls baptized. When New York television stations called for directions, St. Benedict's decided to cancel the baptism.

"It just sort of got out of hand," one priest explained. *Bergen Record* (contributed by Duck Divet)

A THIRTY-YEAR-OLD MAN ARRIVED AT the Guys and Dolls beauty parlor in Riverhead, New York, carrying a vacuum cleaner. Claiming he had a "stripogram" to deliver, he began vacuuming and singing while taking off his clothes. After vacuuming the floor, he began vacuuming his underwear, which he then removed to vacuum his genitals. When a woman in the shop called the police, the man fled, taking the vacuum cleaner with him. "We don't know what his purpose was," said a police spokesman. *Newsday* (contributed by Glenn Miller)

THIS ITEM APPEARED IN THE *FARM PAPER Letter*, a publication of the U.S. Department of Agriculture: "Sam Katz, once with the USDA's kumquat division, later with the tung nut division and more recently with the mung bean division, may switch to the kiwi fruit division after the first of the year." *New York Times* (contributed by Duck Divet)

IN A CRACKDOWN ON MISBEHAVIOR, Arthur Jefferson, superintendent of Detroit's public schools, has forbidden students to carry guns. *Detroit Free Press* (contributed by Mark Tull)

AT INTERNATIONAL TRADE EXHIBITIONS, the South Koreans are displaying a new "wonder garment"—men's underpants that prevent venereal disease and improve sexual performance. According to their manufacturer, the secret of the miracle underpants is a "strategic pouch which maintains the

sexual organs at the correct temperature and under optimum conditions."

The product is recommended for "drivers, motorcyclists, and all who sit down at their work." *Indonesian Observer* (contributed by Peter Jennings)

TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD JOHN J. THORSON, one of two gang members stabbed in a Chicago park, crawled to a nearby house and bled to death while banging

BULLSHIT

"Selling the Sonics has been and is a very traumatic thing for me. It's been part of my existence and life. Even the Scotch I drank last night couldn't penetrate the separation trauma I felt."

—Sam Schulman announcing his sale of the Seattle SuperSonics NBA franchise for \$21 million so he could devote more time to his movie production interests, as reported by the (*New Orleans*) Times-Picayune. (Jerry Knauer)

"Muted brass instruments and especially trombones produce an effect of sensual stimulation, such as suits the needs of sexy, vulgar establishments like nightclubs."

—A Chinese pamphlet called *How to Distinguish Decadent Music offering a description of jazz*, as reported in the *Toronto Globe & Mail*. (John Erendson)

Editor's note: "Bullshit," a part of the True Section from 1977 to 1979, is back. Contributors will be paid ten dollars for each item of "Bullshit" used in future columns—a good price considering the copious examples of inanity, fatuousness, and pomposity in our media—such as the prose of *Omni* publisher Bob Guccione cited in the "Bullshit" column of January 1979:

"It was *Omni* that I summoned up from the frost-cool morning of my youth. *Omni* born in the breathless dreams of that long-ago child . . . It was much smaller than . . . a toy . . . the size of a matchbox . . . a flat, thumb-polished silvery case bursting with exotic wires and tubes. . . . When I held it to my forehead, I could see the future."

Find and send us things like that, because now there's a place where they really belong: "Bulshit."—J. B.

on the door for help. The house's owner was deaf. *Fresno Bee* (contributed by Lisa Ferretti)

SUPPLIED WITH TWO POUNDS OF COCAINE for a sting operation, undercover police in Pompano Beach, Florida, arranged a sale with buyers who turned out to be undercover officers from the Fort Lauderdale police. *Boston Globe* (contributed by Michael Englander)

MORE THAN THREE THOUSAND PEOPLE have visited Constance Lake, Ontario, to view an image of Jesus Christ believed to have been formed by old glue stains on the bathroom floor of Josephine and Elias Taylor. "I was just going to the bathroom in the morning and I looked down on the floor and saw the face of Jesus," said Mrs. Taylor. *London (Ontario) Free Press* (contributed by Paul Webb)

A WOMAN CALLED POLICE IN HUNTINGTON Beach, California, to report that her home had been ransacked. Investigators learned that the mess had been caused by the woman's daughter, who was having trouble finding something to wear to school. (Orange County) *Daily Pilot* (contributed by Ellen Lovelace)

WHILE RIDING IN A PICKUP TRUCK, Refugio Tarin, thirty-three, and Jesus Carrasco, thirty-six, shot and killed each other, wounding a third man, fifty-four-year-old Manuel Carrasco.

"It was just the three of them in the pickup and they started arguing," said Sheriff Rick Thompson of Presidio County, Texas. "The poor guy in the middle didn't have anyplace to go." *Kansas City Star* (contributed by Wayne F. Lee)

ACCORDING TO *MEDICAL WORLD NEWS*, researchers conducted simulated intercourse tests which showed the effectiveness of condoms in preventing herpes simplex virus (HSV).

Led by Dr. Franklyn N. Judson, researchers in Denver simulated intercourse using a standard over-the-counter plastic dildo to represent the penis. A condom was stretched over the dildo and the dildo then inserted into a glass cylinder in which a concentration of HSV had been placed. In Dr. Judson's test, the dildo was "agitated and pumped up and down for approximately five minutes to simulate vaginal intercourse."

In Los Angeles, meanwhile, another

DOCTOR, ARE YOU SURE THAT MR. MEESE WILL LIVE THE REST OF HIS LIFE AS A VEGETABLE?

YES, NURSE, BUT THANKS TO THIS NEW PROCEDURE, HE'LL BE A SMILING, LAUGHING, ROLLICKING VEGETABLE.



JIMMY WILKINSON

NATIONAL LAMPOON OFFERS MED SCHOOL BY MAIL

HI, I'M IRVING, THE HUMOR DOCTOR. FOR YEARS I HAD patients coming to me with maladies I simply couldn't diagnose. There was listlessness, morbidity, a general malaise. Ailments ranged from psychological to terminal. Nothing could cure them. Nothing seemed to work.

Then I came across an article by Mao Tse-tung, titled "Laughter as Medicine," written while on his now famous medicine-free Long March. Mao told the story of how when one of his men fell off a seven-thousand-foot cliff with the luncheon meats, Mao and the others laughed it up and told jokes about the Nationalists until their stricken comrade was well and back on his feet.

Right then, something clicked. I knew this must be the answer I had devoted my life to finding. No longer would I cackle in X rays, drugs, or Band-Aids. Laughter would be my medicine! Quickly I went about my business. I secured a number of copies of the *National Lampoon*, chose my first guinea pigs, and supplied them with a steady dose of the humor magazine. We proceeded slowly at first, as this was still a relatively new form of medicine, which I had yet to master. Gradually I increased the dosage, always keeping enough copies of the *Village Voice*, *U.S. News and World*

Report, *Rolling Stone*, and other humorless publications on hand as an antidote to an overdose. Within days, a metamorphosis was clearly discernible. The patients were healthy and walking around. One patient's arm grew back. *Patients, once close to death, now spew forth one-liners and hand out exploding handkerchiefs.*

Sirs:

I'd subscribe to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, but I don't always understand their jokes. Please send me:

- One year** of *National Lampoon* at \$9.95 (save \$14.05 over newsstand price and \$2.00 over subscription price).
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Animal Business

team of researchers led by Dr. Yvonne J. Bryson corroborated Dr. Judson's findings in a similar series of tests. "However," said Dr. Bryson, "in L.A. we did it for fifteen minutes."

Dr. Judson defended his use of five-minute simulated sex tests, saying the timing was based on information in the bestselling book, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex but Were Afraid to Ask*. (contributed by Mark E. Funk)

AN F-4C FIGHTER-BOMBER FROM THE 182nd Tactical Fighter Squadron ran into and destroyed a turkey vulture. The officers aboard the plane were Captain Ralph Crow and First Lieutenant Mark Bird. *Air Force* (contributed by Leo Choate)

EXTERMINATORS PHILLIP AND ROBERT Gleich were sent to a Detroit home, where Phillip accidentally shot Robert with a .25-caliber pistol while trying to kill a squirrel in the basement. The brothers worked for Hit Man's Exterminating Company. *Detroit Free Press* (contributed by Joe Patrick)

ROBERT E. SCHLONEGER, THIRTY-FOUR, was hired as a control panel operator at an Illinois nuclear plant after tests showed him to be "mentally sound," according to the power company. Schloneger resigned, however, after he was quoted in a local newspaper as saying "The bombs have to fall in 1984. If they don't, within ten years I'm going to take a gun and start shooting people."

Schloneger, who is an arch dragon in the Lake County Order of the Fiery Cross, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, could not be reached for comment. *Chicago Sun-Times* (contributed by Dave Schmidt)

NANCY APPLING PROCTOR, A FORTY-SIX-year-old accountant, threw a tantrum in which she set fire to her office, then got in her 1973 Oldsmobile and rammed a gas pump. After that, according to UPI, "she smashed windows at a Howard Johnson's, a department store, and a machine shop, struck another car, crashed into an ice machine, drove into a bank window, and ran over a fence."

"Before her capture, she also hit a bread factory, a ceramic studio, a portable sign at a pharmacy, a vehicle in an automobile leasing lot, the glass front of a liquor store, and an appliance store." (contributed by Jim Downey)



MATT CORBETT, STUART, VA



MARK D'GABRIEL, WILLOWDALE, ONT



CRAIG W. WHITE, SPARKS, NEV



PAUL CATE, SAN PEDRO, CALIF



JOHN CLAWSON, LINDSTROM, MINN



GUS MCLEARY, SEATTLE, WASH



E. D. BERKOWITZ, GLEN BURNIE, MD



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of your time and
we'll give you half an hour
of funny television

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Our last-minute anchor team will round up some weird opinions, run barefoot through the news, rip the lid off sports, update scandals, expose public affairs, finish off celebrities, and otherwise put the perfect nightcap on your pointy little day,

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Philadelphia	WTAF	Minneapolis-		Cincinnati	WXIX	Green Bay	WXGZ
San Francisco	KTVU	St. Paul	KMSP	Nashville	WKRN	Omaha	KMTV
Boston	WCVB	Atlanta	WANX	Milwaukee	WISN	Tucson	KVOA
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Dallas-		Sacramento-		Birmingham	WBRC	Colorado Springs ..	KKTV
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Cleveland-Akron-		Indianapolis	WPDS	Kansas City	KEKR	Monterey	KNTV
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Houston	KTXH	New Haven	WTXX	Little Rock	KLRT	Medford	KDRV

Check your local listings for dates, station, and time in your city.

Produced by National Lampoon Television in association with Golden West Television.

From the Slush Pile

The following unedited excerpts have been culled from unsolicited manuscripts sent to a prominent editor of serious fiction who, for obvious reasons, wishes to remain anonymous.

"Then it's hopeless." Dad said.
"You mean hopeless," my mother said.
"And it's not hopeless!"

"Wait, John! It's Christmas Eve! At least stay long enough to give the kids their toys!"
"Stuff their toys!" John yelled and slammed out of the house.

His organ began to beat so hard he thought it would pop out of his chest.

"Shit, honey, you're a great-looking broad."
Gert wriggled with pleasure at her husband's words.

The light that was Frannie went out.

Purring like a kitten, I drove down Lincoln Avenue.

"From the day I changed your first diaper, you've been a mess," she yelled.

Sculling the boat back to camp, Everett eyed his wife worriedly—she had this tendency of retreating into a shell when she was worried.

"Don't you dare let out the seams!" Lucinda hissed viciously. "The tighter the better!" Even the walks shook with rage.

The Mitchell house sat authoritatively leering down from its hill, judgmentally surveying all who approached.

Justin's eyes glided across the airfield.

Slicing the steak in Rena's cozy kitchen, I considered taking another stab at marriage.

"His teacher asked, 'Peter, was you annoying Jeanette?'"

Johnny knew the nurse disapproved of him because of his career as a hit man for the mob.

Mrs. Rogers said, "I'm sorry I lost my temper, but I was grumpy, and when I'm grumpy I get grouchy."

Ken's body declared war, and since he failed to retreat until the wee hours, it painfully assaulted him in an all-out morning blitzkrieg, taking no prisoners.

Looking agitated but resolute, she came into the police station alone. "I witnessed a murder! I witnessed a murder!" she repeated to no one in particular, as if what she had to say couldn't wait another moment.

"What can I do to thank you?" I exclaimed.
Barry shook my hand. "Next election I'm making you governor."

The editor sighed. Look at all those Type O's.

22 The Toronto Sun, Monday November 9, 1983

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Huge loose boulders threaten B.C. homes

Gold Ch

Quick, call Lloyd's of London. This photograph and headline appeared together in the November 28, 1983, edition of the Toronto Sun (contributed by M. Lapointe)

One desperate afternoon, when a fit of depression was on him, he had cried to the walls, "Why should people like Paul Newman have everything—happiness, wealth and fame, and even Joan Woodward—while I have nothing! Nothing!"

Benny Squires was a late teenager.

We got some chairs and she filled us in.

From four to six-thirty, he peeked through the window to see a despicable world, a world full of mean teenagers, thankless citizens, crooked politicians, transferred and widowed judges.

When I called the hospital I was told the patient was in grim condition.

He got into the world just like the rest of us—naked as a Jay.

I had a wonderful mother. She loved me encompassingly while benignly. She taught me to speak Greek and Latin. Each day she'd call me into her bedroom and we'd spend an hour doing anything I requested. Our house was in constant motion.

His soul was dirty—a piece of tape lay flush against the heel.

Fred stood over the toilet, holding the source of his dilemma in his hand, and emitted a loud groan—not from his splitting hangover but from last night's activities that were now flashing on his inner screen.

One day she came home from the doctor and said he had told her she was dying. It was with a hopeful attitude that the family went away and left her weeping in the den.

I winced at the sun beaming through the shutter.

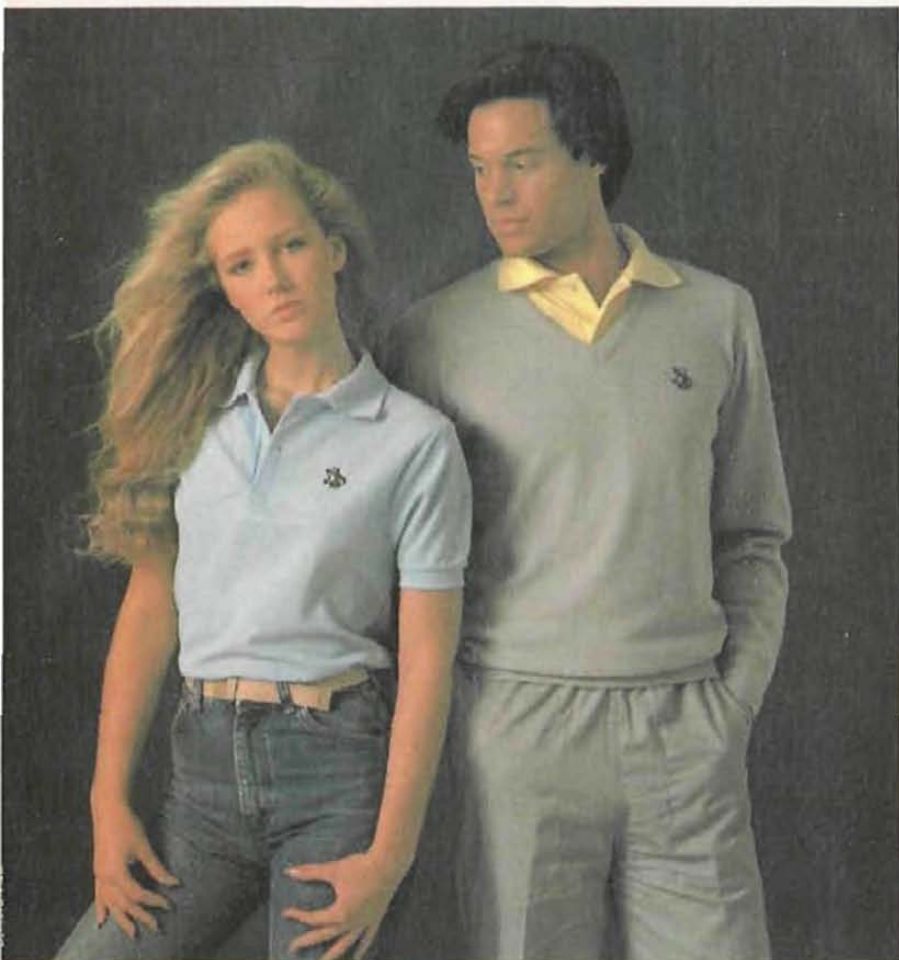
His face was distinguished by dark side burns.

The four-story ranch house, flanked by cypress columns, looked majestically down on Route 66.

"A hot toddy would help us all on a freezing, death-laden night such as this," Mary said.

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FROG



The Frog family of fine apparel is proud to announce the introduction of the **Frog Sweater**. The Frog Sweater comes in three sizes and is a legend for its softness, warmth, and style. And Frog Clothing continues to offer the **Frog Polo Shirt**. Both shirt and sweater sport the distinctive symbol of the Frog line, a double-amputee frog.

The unfortunate frog is your assurance that you have purchased the very finest. Wear your shirt with pride—with or without a Frog Sweater over it—whether you yourself have legs or not.

Frog Sweaters and Shirts are available only by mail. The price? Sweaters are just \$20.95 plus postage and handling. Polo shirts are \$14.95 plus postage and handling.

Order your sweater and/or shirt today and ensure yourself of the respect your taste and discernment deserve.

FROG

National Lampoon offers the most prestigious shirts and sweaters in America, and at a price prestigious people can afford.

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WHITE: small medium large
BLUE: small medium large
YELLOW: small medium large
GREEN: small medium large
GRAY: small medium large
CAMEL: small medium large

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GRAY: small medium large
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Gray



Camel

Sweaters available in:

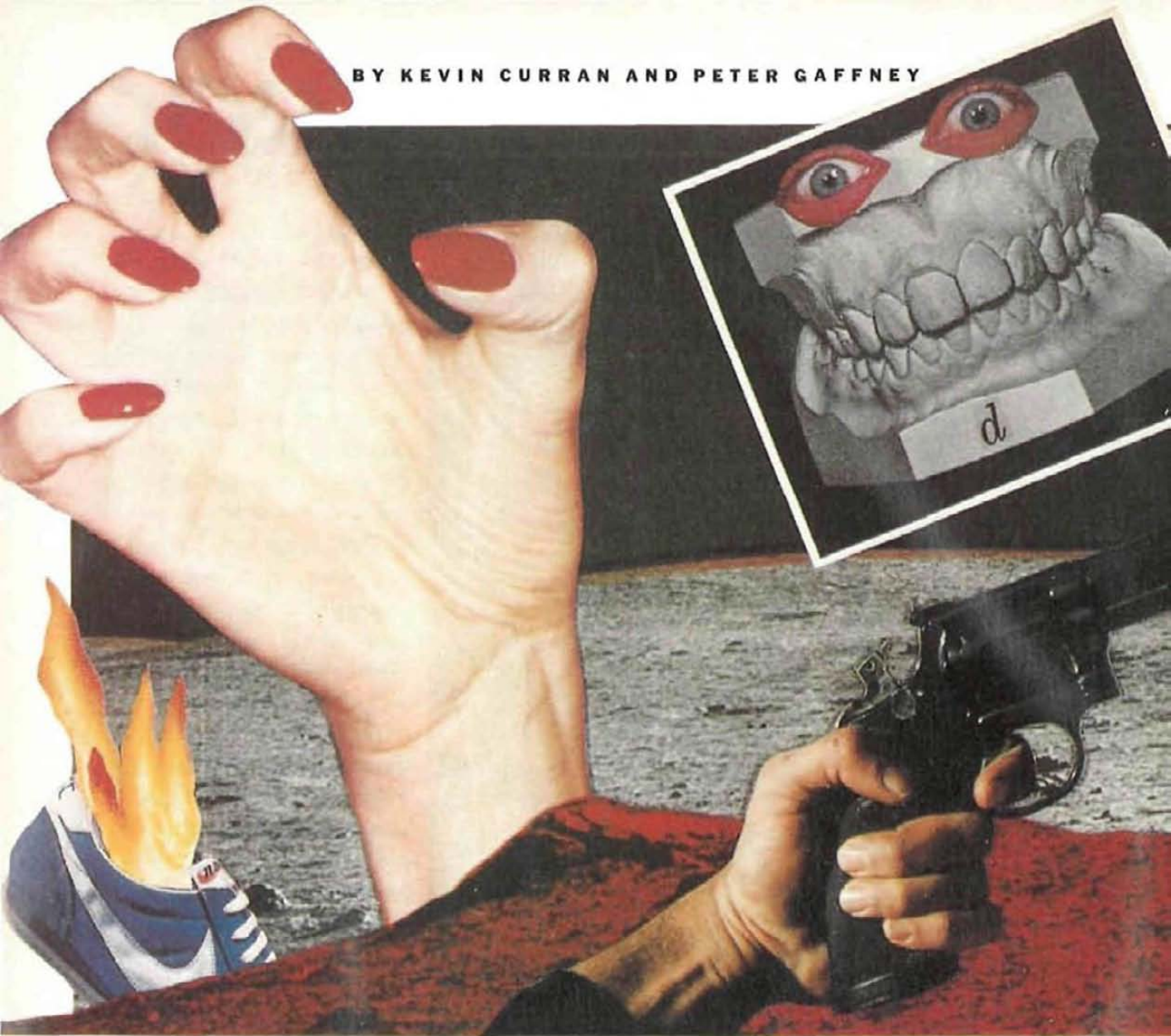


Gray



Black

Frog logo
by cartoonist
Sam Gross



DIANE LANE'S ALL-S

WELL, COMRADE LANE, HOW does it feel making love to a decadent American capitalist? Is it more enjoyable than espionage for your Soviet friends?"

Diane Lane, the beautiful Russian spy, nuzzled closer to William Hobson on the sable coat that had been wrapped around their fantastic pleasures before the roaring fire. Her moist lips parted sensuously, in a greedy demand for more kisses from the masterful American agent.

"I don't know yet. I think we may

have to do it once more before I can decide."

Hobson smiled. "Would you like a drink?"

"Tequila sunrise. Shaken, not stirred."

"Mix it yourself," he said with a deadly insouciance.

She took a swallow of vodka, then of orange juice, then of grenadine in the perfectly furnished Swiss ski chalet.

"Take me!" she cried suddenly. "I am full of desire and hard drink."

"Billy, are you doing your math

homework? Mr. Sugrue said it's not true you can't think in numbers. You just don't try. . . ."

"I'm doing it, Mom, don't worry."

Can't a guy get a break around here, thought Billy as he locked the diary he had just been writing in and put it in his desk drawer, underneath a bunch of magazines. It took complete concentration to write something well, unless you were someone like Faulkner, for whom it took lots of bourbon. It must take tremendous powers of concentration to drink and write at the same time, especially if you drank beer,



TAR CRUISE TO HELL

and you had a little sister who was always in the bathroom.

Lost in thought, Billy did not see the two-foot-high bat walking toward him on its hind legs, cloaking its strange, almost feline face with a wing in a weird reversal of the Dracula myth. The bat's eyes looked like red, glowing marbles as it swept past the empty cans of Coke, the stack of magazines with Diane Lane's face on the cover of the top one, the ZZ Top *Eliminator* album leaning against the radiator in stark violation of the rules of proper record care. The bat's twisted claws snagged

in strands of the orange and yellow shag carpeting, but always it moved forward, and now started hissing. . . .

Billy woke to find the cat's face a half inch away from his. Billy's nose was wet from where the cat had licked it.

"Gaaah, get off, asshole . . . goddamn mound of fur, get lost."

Billy Hobson grabbed his sister Debbie's year-old Siamese and flung him off the bed. His thoughts began to free themselves from the legacy of sleep. Dreaming about the fucking cat, except he was a bat or something. But

there was some residue of pleasure he felt from some other dream. What was it about? Algebra?

No, algebra wasn't much fun to dream about, especially when you hadn't done your homework in two weeks.

After showering, Billy headed downstairs to the kitchen for a Mom-prepared three-egg-and-bacon breakfast, and just enough coffee to give his stomach a queasy, acidic feeling.

"Moonbeam woke me up again with his disgusting, furry tongue," he said to Debbie between bits of toast.

DIANE LANE'S ALL-STAR CRUISE TO HELL

"Maybe you could keep that odd, hippie-named animal locked in your room . . . or nailed to the wall."

Debbie looked at him with mock concern.

"Mom, Billy's demanding I kill my pet again."

Billy smiled. She was a cute kid, for a thirteen-year-old brat. And she looked a lot like him, even if she did have a different father.

Billy heard Johnny's car horn, grabbed his lunch, stuck an extra Ding Dong inside the bag, and headed for the door.

"It's okay if you just chain him to the radiator," he called back.

"MORNING, NUMB NUTS," CRIED VICTOR Korizia, the passenger in the front of Johnny's cherry-red '65 Mustang. Victor had worn a green Army jacket every day of the past winter, and was the only student in the history of Robert Frost High to have glassblowing as an elective. He went over to this long-haired guy's house on Thursday afternoons and they hung out, got high, and made little glass figurines. Johnny had a glass duck hanging from his sun visor now. Victor's dad, who owned Korizia Construction, had somehow arranged for school-board approval of this unusual course of study. The parking-lot renovation proceeded on schedule.

As he idled at another light, Johnny, a tad on the huge side at six feet three and 220 pounds, casually turned to Victor. "Do you think Billy might want something from the cooler?"

Johnny said and did almost everything in an incredibly casual way. Billy had seen him get angry only once, when after a basketball game three toughs had surrounded him. Johnny had ripped a Stop sign out of the ground and started swinging it like a club, and the guys had probably not stopped running yet.

"What's in the cooler?"

"Beers," cried Victor, ripping off the lid and laughing crazily.

"Beers before school?" asked Billy incredulously, wishing it were afternoon, the thinking man's time for beer.

"No," laughed Victor. "Beers for the road. We're all going to New York."

Billy grabbed a big, frosty Tall Boy and smiled.

New York City is about a two-hour drive from Hartford by car. Since the three were driving from Torrington, it was about ninety minutes. The journey was a pleasant combination of beers and music, and they hit Fifth Avenue bouncing to the Pretenders.

Billy snatched his third beer from the icy waters of the Li'l Playmate cooler. "Too bad there isn't a real li'l playmate here," said Victor, eyeing a Vogue model who might have given

him the time of day if his last name were Kennedy.

"Look at that fuckin' guy with the pink and blue hair," yelled Johnny as they hit Times Square. "Yo, bro, get lots of Wall Street jobs that way, huh?"

Victor shook his head. "City's full of crazies, man. I heard they got some guy shooting people down in the subway with a bow and arrow. Fuckin' weird shit."

As Victor gave his custom-made skull-shaped bong another light, an extremely attractive girl clad in shorts and a halter scurried madly into the street, holding out her arms for them to stop.

"She looks like she's in trouble," said Johnny, braking so quickly the tires squealed.

Victor tensed. "I think I'm in love or getting a hard-on."

"Looks like she's sitting next to me," said Billy, and despite Victor's attempt to wrestle him to the front of the car (which cost him a button on his shirt and a small, triangular flap of skin), Billy held firmly onto his seat.

"Hi. I'm Diane Lane," she said as she settled into the backseat. She asked if she could have a beer from the cooler, and popped the top with a clean, fluid motion.

"I know this sounds crazy, but there's a psycho tailing us. He's driving that beat-up Oldsmobile back there, and he's trying to kill me."

Billy looked deeply into her sparkling blue-gray eyes and tried not to stare too long at her pert breasts, bouncing along to the motion of the car. "Don't worry," he said. "We'll protect you."

But what protection could be offered from the hideous twisted mind of Edgar Kureska, a thirty-three-year-old ex-mental patient recently released on a clerical error when a clerk's splotch of potato salad had landed on his file, obliterating the words "when hell freezes over" after the word "release." Edgar had set fire to his foster parents' home at twelve and strangled a fellow juvenile offender with a length of wire a scant six months later. Diane Lane was the only thing he could think about right now. Two days ago he had rented a VCR from Video World and watched *Rumble Fish* continuously for thirty-seven hours in his cold, ill-lit one-room apartment. While his brain writhed with lust, he ate cold hamburgers and cans of chocolate pudding, which he tossed out the open window onto the fire escape after he

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38)



For those who love the Frog...



...here's a chance to own a signed, limited-edition lithograph of the original cartoon.

This is one of the most famous cartoons of the twentieth century. It was first published in the *National Lampoon*, and it is now being offered by the magazine to a limited number of buyers as a fine-quality offset lithograph. The printing will be limited to 1,500 copies, and to further enhance the value of these lithographs, the artist, S. GROSS, will personally sign and number them. After the press run is completed, the film and the plate will be destroyed.

The drawing will be printed on paper measuring seventeen inches by twenty-two inches, which will make it suitable for framing.

If you would like to purchase one of these fine lithographs, please fill out the coupon and remit \$25.00 for each one plus \$2.00 for post-

age and handling. Orders will be processed according to the postmark shown on the envelopes received, and in the event of oversubscription, monies will be refunded to those people who were late in sending in their requests.

Please send me _____ *National Lampoon Frog Lithographs* at \$25.00 plus \$2.00 for postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I enclose \$_____ to:
NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. 684
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
New York residents, please add 8¼ percent sales tax

AT THE SUMMER MOVIE SNEAK PREVIEWS

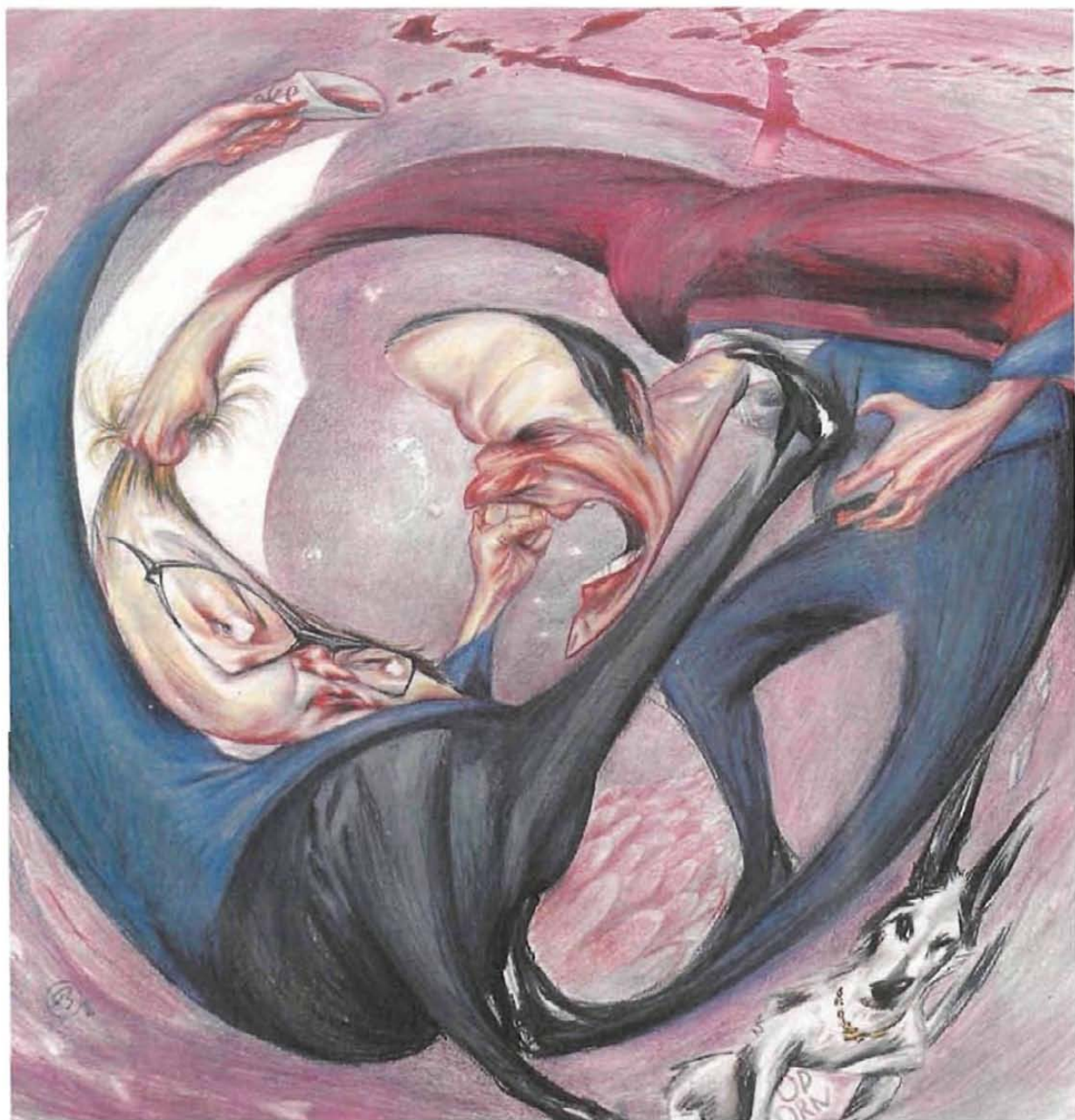
WELL, IT WON'T BE LONG before the summer blockbusters are busting into movie houses, and I've been busting my butt trying to review them all ahead of time. Unfortunately, a prescription-related short-term memory problem prevents me from recalling all of the plots, and admittedly some of the story lines appear to have combined like drunken strands of DNA. Still, I have put my razor-sharp wit and bullet-shaped head to use, and these

are my "picks of the flicks" for summer 1984.



Smokey and the Shiite Moslems. *Burt Reynolds, Sally Field, Jackie Gleason, Amin Gemayel, King Hussein, Yasir Arafat, and Ingrid Bergman as Golda*

Meir's ghost. Gleason plays a redneck leatherneck chasing Reynolds and company across war-torn southern Lebanon. Burt and buddies must get a semi filled with TNT from Tripoli to the U.S. Marine headquarters in Beirut in under twenty-four hours. Explosive comedy. Jerry Reed sings "Mid-east-Bound and Down." Pat McCormick and Paul Williams co-star. "I found Reynolds's Druse accent less than convincing," says Gene. "The film fails to capture the complex political realities of the tragic situation in Leba-



STEVE SPOONER

non. Plus we don't get to see enough of Sally Field," adds Roger.



Flash-Burn Dancer. Jennifer Beals, Jason Robards. Beals gets her appointment to the ballet academy, but the day after finds her hopes and dreams

vaporized along with most of her friends and family in a massive nuclear strike. Beals has a lot of energy in this film, but not as much as the fifty-megaton device that blasts Pittsburgh into a sea of molten slag and glowing radioactive debris. Robards turns in a good performance as the dedicated but irradiated middle-aged doctor who wants to fuck her before his dick falls off. Oh, what a feeling. "Doesn't look much like Jennifer Beals's body in that vaporization sequence, Roger," says Gene. "Don't be

so picky, Gene," counters Roger. "It's only a movie."



An Officer and a Gigolo. Richard Gere, Debra Winger. Gere is superb as a naval air cadet who runs a dating service out of the barracks in this seamy ser-

AT THE SUMMER MOVIE SNEAK PREVIEWS

vice romp. Winger plays the small-town slut who befriends him. Gere lifts Winger up where she belongs in some of the steamier sex scenes. You'll cheer in the film's rousing finale as Gere gets her pregnant, then dumps her.

"Richard Gere is fantastic, but I just don't see the appeal of Debra Winger," Gene pronounces. "Come off it, Gene: she's a doll," disagrees Roger.



Indiana Jones and the Masonic Temple of Death. Harrison Ford, Karen Allen, Mel Brooks. Zowie! Ford repeats his role as the rough-and-tumble archaeologist who never gets time to shave, shower, or piss. This time Indy travels to South America, where he is forced to wear a funny hat and ride a tricycle in a parade. There's nary a dull moment as Indy escapes hordes of burned crippled children, crazed Shriners, and a nutty Jew who thinks he's Hitler.

"A rousing romp in the grand tradition of those old Raiders of the Lost Ark-type movies," enthuses Gene. "More like not a very thoughtful film, Gene," Roger disagrees.



Never Say Pussy Again. Sean Connery, Maud Adams, Honor Blackman. Bond is back and he's bitter as hell. Connery returns as an older but wiser 007, dismissed from the secret service after contracting herpes from one of the thousands of women he screwed without ever once using a rubber. Bond sets off on a personal vendetta to find the girl responsible, but along the way encounters the most sinister Bond villain to date: a genetic combination of Blofeld and Oddjob called Blojob. Bond finally stumbles onto the aging Pussy Galore—quite literally, after tripping over her sagging breasts. Realizing that he once used to pork this now-old fossil, Bond turns his PPK on himself and takes the honorable way out. Last of a series.

"Connery's Bond is delightful as always," Gene declares, "but I was bored

by the women in the picture." "You're standing on my foot, Gene," Roger criticizes.



AT&T: The Antitrustrust. Peter Coyote, Drew Barrymore, Cliff Robertson. A huge conglomerate crashes to Earth, is broken up, but then is reborn as seven separate entities. Unfortunately, it will still cost you more to phone home.

"Brilliantly conceived. Masterfully executed. A big 'yes' on this blockbuster," applauds Gene. "I seem to have lost my dime," mutters Roger.



Sudden Random Violence. Clint Eastwood, Sondra Locke, Chief Dan George. Dirty Harry still hasn't cleaned up his act. Once again, Harry's superiors question his "unorthodox methods" after Harry practices some .44-caliber proctology on a suspected child sodomizer and blows the brains of a crooked politician into the first four rows of Candlestick Park during a 49ers game. Good use of San Francisco locations abound: Harry kills a Chink in Chinatown, knifes a mugger in a cable car, and garrotes a rapist on the Golden Gate Bridge. Naturally, Harry is temporarily suspended, but later redeems himself by shooting a pair of street mimes played by Shields and Yarnell.

"Eastwood is magnificent as always, but I have to say that Sondra Locke is a cheap little tramp," impugns Gene. "This is classic cinema," Roger asserts.



Porkers. Kermit the Frog, Miss Piggy, Frank Oz. Jim Henson's Muppets finally achieve the satiric promise shown in early episodes of "Saturday Night

Live" in this crafty *Porky's* parody. Kermit plays the oversexed teenage frog who chases the divine Miss Piggy through seedy Miami bars, high school locker rooms, and other barnyard locations in hopes of having her perform oral sex on him. We won't reveal the ending, but look for Miss Piggy to wind up with a frog in her throat in the film's hilarious climax.

"Are these guys puppets or what?" demands Gene. "Man, I just love those little fuckers," Roger affirms.



Jaws 4 x 4. Mel Gibson, Roy Scheider, Jamie Lee Curtis. It's our favorite mechanical shark, converted to four-wheel drive, versus a menacing tanker truck in this incoherent feature jointly directed by Steven Spielberg (*Jaws*, *Duel*) and his friend George Miller (*The Road Warrior*). Gibson is fine as the down-under, down-on-his-luck truck driver who is beaten, gouged, shot, stabbed, slashed, and eventually run over by each of the truck's eighteen wheels. Still smarting from the *Twilight Zone* disaster, Spielberg returns to his classic cinematic style, filling the frame with dozens of million-gigawatt klieg lights blasting through fog-shrouded doorways. You'll laugh with Scheider and reach for Jamie Lee's tits in this 3-D eye-popper.

"Mel Gibson is awesome," coos Gene. "I give this film a big 'yes' vote." "Silly. Confusing. Adolescent. I loved it," says Roger.



Star Trek III: The Wrath of Conned Fans. Shatner, Nimoy, Kelly, and everyone else. Vulgar language crufts often in this movie, usually when the fans realize that 75 percent of the scenes are stock footage from *Treks* I and II, and 85 percent of the plot from one of the less memorable TV episodes. The *Enterprise* is plunged into jeopardy when Sulu accidentally backs the ship into a time warp. Here they discover that Spock's life force has melded with an old twentieth-century

weather satellite. Spock wants to either "merge with the Creator" or bend Willard Scott over a coffee table. Once again the theme of old age is explored, this time with the emphasis on relieving constipation and keeping Shatner's dentures from slipping during extreme close-ups of his mouth.

"This is a film for the kid in all of us," comments Gene knowingly. "Speak for yourself, shithead," Roger quietly disagrees.



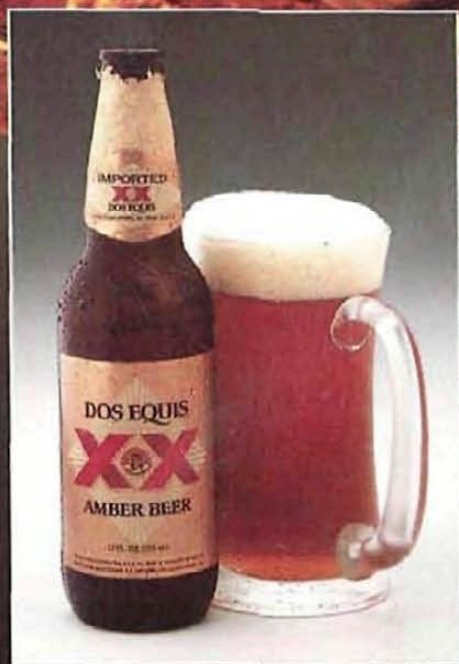
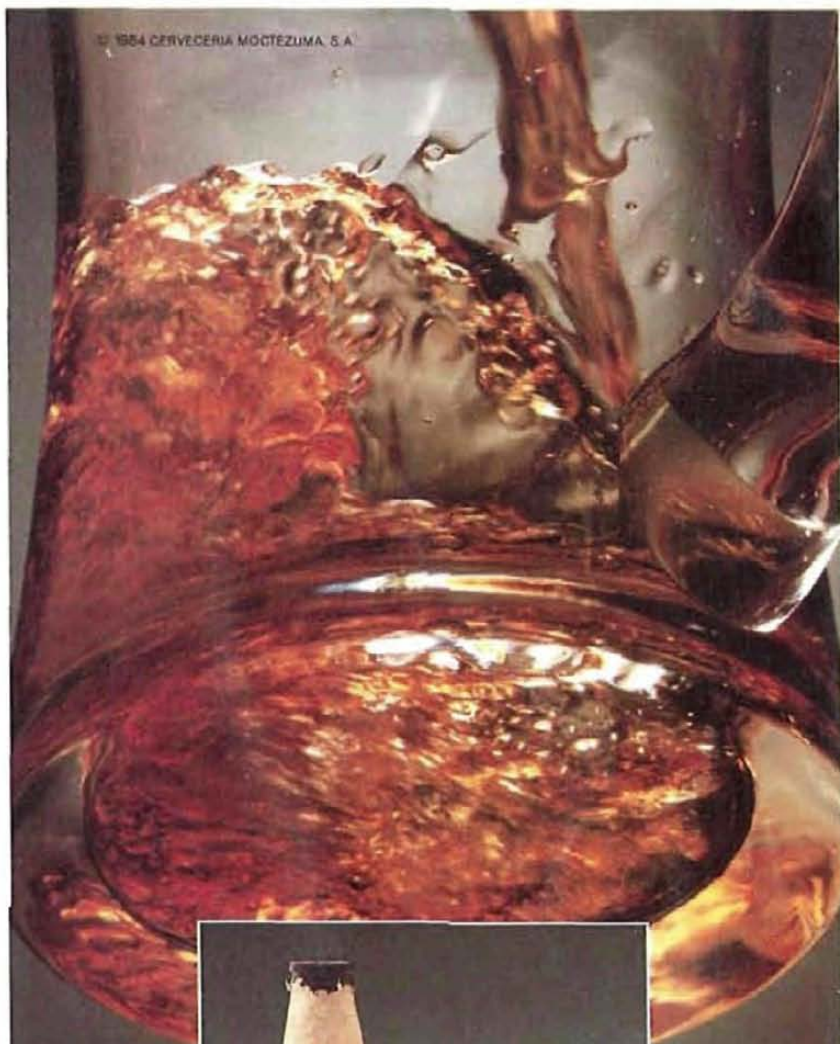
Brew Thunder. Rick Moranis, Dave Thomas. For reasons never fully explained, the Canadian government commissions the McKenzie brothers to test their newest attack helicopter. The boys fly to a convenience store, buy some beer, get drunk, and blast the living hell out of downtown Toronto. Beauty, eh?

"Frankly, I thought this movie was an insult to our great neighbor to the north," Gene comments. "Who's that, Gene?" asks a bewildered Roger.



Trading Faces. Eddie Murphy, Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, her tits. Is it the color of a man's skin that determines if he will become a successful stockbroker or an itinerant bum? Or is it just thick lips, a pug nose, and kinky hair that bring out the lynching instinct? As part of an elaborate test, Aykroyd and Murphy must literally "trade faces." Aykroyd is predictable as the stockbroker who slides from white collar to white trash. He gets his nose pushed in, his lips flattened, and naturally the first thing he does is screw a white woman (played by Curtis). Murphy steals the show as the streetwise jiveass with surgically straightened hair and an abbreviated cock who climbs the corporate ladder. This film has a lot to say about bigotry and racial prejudice, and why it's funny when a black comic says "nigger," but a white guy gets punched.

"Eddie Murphy bores me," Gene says. "Fuck you, Gene," says Roger. ■



THE UNCOMMON IMPORT.
DOS EQUIS

DIANE LANE'S ALL-STAR CRUISE TO HELL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32) was through. And, of course, pickle chips, a snack of his own invention that consisted of sliced and deep-fried sections of dill pickle.

In fact, he was munching on pickle chips now, dipping his dirty, ink-smudged hands into the greasy paper bag containing the odious snack. It lay next to the closed medical bag that contained all his skin-grafting equipment.

"He's gaining on us," barked Victor to Johnny. "Turn on Fifty-ninth and go over the bridge."

The Mustang cornered on two wheels and shot onto the ramp leading to the Queensboro Bridge, the structure connecting the lands of designer-chocolate boutiques and failing office-supply firms.

Johnny wove madly through the traffic, giving a terrific scrape to a white Cadillac containing a mother and her six-year-old daughter who had gone into "The City" to be visited upon (as the Egyptians were by boils, frogs, and loss of offspring) by the curse of identical frosted, layered hairstyles (done by an unrepentant woman-hating fag of the old school) at a First Avenue salon.

"That bag seems pretty upset," said Victor. The mother's face turned an interesting shade of red, and then a sort of bluish color as she began shouting. Johnny shook his head.

"It's really sad when a person has to get her sense of self-worth from the car she drives."

They were doing sixty in traffic as they left the bridge, screeching around the metal girders supporting the elevated trains. As the car swerved suddenly to avoid a sidewalk fruit vendor, Diane Lane fell into Billy's arms. Her moist lips parted sensuously and . . .

"Cut! That's a take, everyone." The crew applauded as Diane Lane got out of the car. She turned and smiled, saying "Thanks, guys."

Ferris Fennis, the assistant director of the film, stuck his moon-shaped, bog-hat-adorned head into the Mustang.

"Nice work, fellas. There's coffee and doughnuts in the truck over there. Mr. Coppola thanks you very much."

He picked up his bullhorn and spoke to the crowd.

"Will all the trenchball players report to the tram area . . . thank you."

"A movie," said Billy. "Jesus Christ, a movie . . ."

Edgar Kureska pulled in next to Johnny's Mustang, and exited his Delta 88.

"Nice work, guys," he said, and headed over to the catering truck, brushing past Diane Lane. She, of course, didn't realize that he really was a psycho who had killed the actor who had been hired to play the psycho chasing her, just as he had killed all

the stuntmen hired to be in the studio's rented red Mustang, and a Korean fruit vendor, just for luck.

How would I know? I am Edgar Kureska. And I need skin.

EDWARDS FINISHED READING AND SILENTLY passed the manuscript to McCloskey, who sat on the ice chest and slowly turned the brittle yellow pages while Edwards went back to sifting through the scattered debris to find anything further which might serve as some sort of clue to the chain of events that had ended here.

After a few minutes, McCloskey looked up. "Bizarre," he said.

Edwards tossed away the rotted shoe he had been examining. "Yeah," he agreed. "I can't make head or tail of it. Who in hell was Diane Lane?"

McCloskey didn't answer. He stared at the manuscript in his hands as if he hoped to learn something of importance from its precise size, thickness, and weight. "What was this guy doing here on Mars? That's what I want to know," he finally said. "Anything else in that mess?"

"A few empty beer cans—cheap stuff from out of the Asteroid Belt, I'd wager, but I don't recognize the label. It's in Zelgianian, of course."

McCloskey chuckled. "I thought you were supposed to be the scholar on this mission."

"Scholar, sure. Greek and Latin I can read. French and Zelgianian, the languages of space, I never bothered to learn. Who'd have thought I'd be commanding a mutant-disposal detail on Mars?"

"Well, now it looks like you've got two funerals to conduct." McCloskey nodded toward the bleached human skeleton that still lay forlornly, as they had found it, on the crater's lip. "Anything else?"

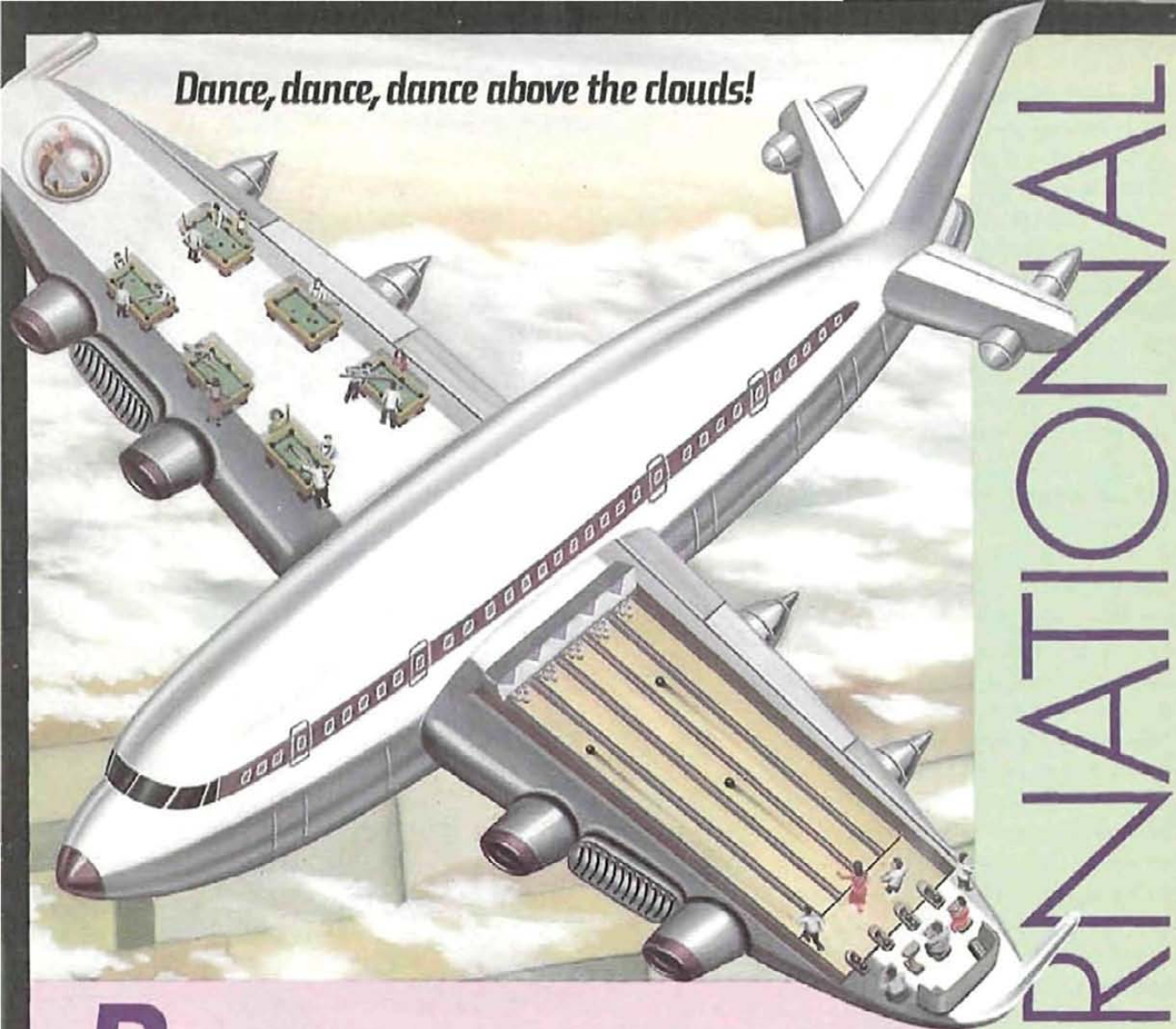
"An old Earth-made Swingline stapler, twentieth-century, manufactured in Queens. Pretty crude by today's standards, but I guess it could have punched a small steel staple through a sheaf of papers in its day. It's too rusted to be of use to anyone now, of course, and even if it did work I don't know where you'd find staples to fit it. Also a regulation Lunar Border Corps helium cartridge belt, which you could pick up in any of a thousand surplus stores in the Outer Colonies. And one shoe. Left, if I remember correctly."

McCloskey looked at Edwards with admiration. His calm logic and keen

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42)



Dance, dance, dance above the clouds!



Dear Class Chairman (or Chairperson!),

Prom. The Prom. Certainly you'll agree that it is the most special event of your life, the culmination of four years of hard work and unforgettable fun. Sure, there'll be tears aplenty at the end, even for popular girls, as you "bid adieu" to lockers and friends, hearts full of adrenaline and hope at thirty thousand feet.

Thirty thousand feet?!!

You bet. That is, if you choose to make

your prom extra special for you and your not yet forgotten classmates aboard the Prom Glider™. Newly relicensed, polished, and proud, the Prom Glider is once again delighted to send your entire senior class hurtling into the stratosphere at nearly twice the speed of sound. Imagine—*twice the speed of sound!*

And what sounds there will be aboard the greatest airborne funertainment center ever constructed—the shrieks of laughter, the ooohs and aaahs of blind

PROM GLIDER

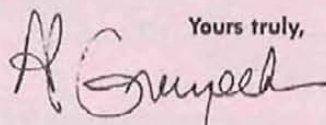
wonderment, the *gluump-gluump* of sobs choked back as you and your date *actually dance among the clouds*—to either the mellow strains of Biff Clorman and the Glideroos or the heavy-metal experience of hard-rockin' Mach II.

And what luxury you'll enjoy! Our staff of sixteen (twenty-three if you choose the special swimming pool/space pod attachment strapped to the glider's great underbelly) will attend to your every whim, whether it's "Coat check, please" or "Say, how about some more oxygen." You'll be wine and dined* in elegant, "high-flying" fashion as your host, the completely exonerated Cap'n Jim "Ace" McLean, dispenses wry quips and weather reports over the P.A.

In fact, if he were here now he'd probably be saying, "Hey, kids, listen to these features. Tired of dancing? Check out the glass-bottom hot tubs, which afford the finest view in the whole tri-state area. Date got cold feet? Try these tubs. For those lounge lizards aboard, try our wing-top bowling alleys, overseen by Poppy "Wing Wildman" Somniferum, an authentic aviation daredevil from the roaring twenties. Billiards, too!"

And safety? Don't give it a second thought. We haven't (heh-heh). Seriously, though, we're pretty darn confident that holding your prom with us is ten times safer than holding it in your bathtub—and a lot more fun. At about half the cost of completely refurbishing your gym, you and your class can float obliviously among the stars, rocketing toward a date with destiny you'll never forget.

Cold cuts, cooler breezes, coolest prom of all! See you aboard the Prom Glider.

Yours truly,


Al Grezyeck
 President
 Prom Glider International

*Just an expression. Actually there should be no liquor aboard, save for the operator's private stock.

Memories and mag

"This time the joke's on that stu-
 clown, Willie, but he'll be okay
 parachute opens."



"Hurry up, Carolee!
 We can't wait to get into
 those hot tubs."



"Shhh! Cap'n's taking a
 nap, but don't worry—
 everything's on autopilot."



"I'm so glad those crude lads
 from Central won't be
 crashing our prom this year."

PROM GLIDER

Specifications:

Length:	164 ft. 9 in.
Wingspan:	186 ft. 2 in.
Loaded weight:	96 tons
Max. speed:	1,150 mph
Max. altitude:	56,000 ft.
Weaponry:	virtually none
Mission:	prom fun unlimited

in the stratosphere!

SS
his



"Jeez, Cathy, get a load of the size of those boosters."



"You won't believe the view from here, Doug... Doug?!"

PROM GLIDER International

Hotel/Hospital Delgado
Oxaca, Mexico

Name _____ School _____

Address _____

____ Yes! We are interested in a prom in the sky. Please send us more information.

Number of release forms needed

____ 50 ____ 100 ____ 200 ____ 300 ____ 500

Prom Glider International is a wholly owned subsidiary of Gridanzo/Grczyck Enterprises, a corporation licensed and registered in the State of Morelos, Mexico. SMOKING: Smoking is permitted aboard the Prom Glider, but a word to the wise—don't get too close to those highly volatile hydrogen rocket fuel tanks.

PROM GLIDER SCHEDULE

1600 HOURS. Check-in. Coats and passports, please! Your magical journey is now only a few hours away.

2000 HOURS. Takeoff. Strap in tight! Twenty G's is nothing to sneeze at. For the first four minutes of its flight, the Prom Glider will be careening spaceward at virtually a ninety-degree angle, just like a rocket!

2030 HOURS. Let's dance. Seat belts come off and corsages go on as the band strikes up your prom theme, whether it's "Up Where We Belong" or "Fly like an Eagle."

2031 HOURS. Stop dancing. We've hit a pocket of turbulence, so you'll all have to return to your seats for just a few minutes.

2200 HOURS. Snacktime. The Prom Glider is not equipped with a full kitchen, but many deli treats are available here at a modest extra charge, from hot dogs to space food sticks. Ever dream you'd be chomping on an anchovy-and-egg sandwich four miles above your hometown? Chubbies, feel free to eat hearty and drink lustily from the keg—this close to outer space, your weight is cut in half!

2230 HOURS. Water landing drill. Better safe than a lifeless corpse washed up on a lonely beach, so listen up as YMCA-trained instructors Suzy and Deb discuss procedures in the highly unlikely event of a water landing, since virtually all flying will be over the Midwestern states.

2300 HOURS. The king and queen. Crown the king and queen? Of course we'll crown them, but it's *how* we'll crown them. For ten thrilling seconds, the Prom Glider will plunge seemingly helplessly earthward, only to recover in the nick of time and go soaring spaceward once more as the winners are announced. It's a full moon outside, but that's no werewolf, only bearded Cap'n Jim McLean giving his familiar kiss to the new queen.

2330 HOURS. Tired of dancing? Dancing too exciting or date turning your stomach? Check out continuous showings of *The Right Stuff* in Play Area B.

0100 HOURS. Parachute into the After-Prom. Don't be the last to head out the hatch! As your magical journey through the stratosphere ends with customary abruptness, you bail out with your date. The rest is up to you. *So long, star voyagers!*

DIANE LANE'S ALL-STAR CRUISE TO HELL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38) attention to detail were wasted on mutant-disposal duty. He should have been a detective back on Earth. Old Earth, that is. Before the planet had been scarred nearly beyond recognition by the results of the Tinderberg Experiment and the hideous plagues which had followed it.

"It's a good thing you're commanding this mission and not Rosovsky," McCloskey told Edwards with a smile. "He was a good man when it came to doing things by the book, of course, but he'd have been lost if he'd been presented with an unexpected situation like this."

A cloud descended over Edwards's face. "I'd rather you didn't talk about Rosovsky, Sergeant," he said coldly. "Maybe you forgot that I was on the expedition where he went insane and killed those two cadets." The cloud passed. "I'm sorry, Jim. I didn't mean to snap at you like that."

"Forget it, Chief."

"Let's go back to the ship. There's nothing more we can do here, and besides, we've got our own job to do. This is a matter for the Interplanetary Police." The two stood up and put their helmets on. "Oh, and you'd better bring that manuscript along—I have a feeling it's going to be an important clue," Edwards added, his voice coming through McCloskey's earphones with the usual metallic distortion.

As they climbed out of the crater, they once more passed the skeleton half buried in the red Martian dust. "Seems almost wrong to leave him here like this," McCloskey said.

"He'll get a decent burial once the investigation's complete. Hell, he's been waiting there for the last four thousand years; I guess he can stand another couple of days."

When they reached the ship, elaborate preparations were already under way for the grim task that had brought them here to this barren planet. "Disposal" was the official word for what they were doing, and "disposal" was the word they themselves preferred, except in their most bitter moments. The other word—"execution"—had itself started out as a euphemism, Edwards recalled from his school days, but it had quickly grown as emotionally charged as the *real* word for their activity—"killing."

Casey and Moustaffa, two raw conscripts from the mining camps on Venus, were arguing about the latest trenchball stars as they put the finishing touches on the lead-lined shaft in which the mutant's body would be sealed after Dr. Gwachmann pronounced it (never "he") no longer organically functioning (never "dead").

"Hey, you know, that Dirk Werezwa—he is one mighty man of the trench, eh? I say to you that there is not one ballmeister in the Planetary

League whose scatbanding is so bleeping fine."

"Casey, I think to myself that it must be you who has been hit on the head by too many trenchballs to say as foolish a remark as that one. Werezwa, ah—maybe he looks to be one big fellow when he is hiding his scat, but when he has to go out on the grunnells, ah-ah—then you just see one little bleeping coward."

"Ooooh, Moustaffa, you so greatly fill me with anger . . ."

"Boys, boys!" Edwards cut in. "I think you should give more thought to aligning those molybdenum bolts and less to disputing the fine points of trenchball."

As the two Venusians went back to work, Edwards went over to where Dr. Gwachmann was standing with several other members of the medical staff. He had made little secret on this trip of the fact that he despised Gwachmann. He supposed Gwachmann ascribed his attitude, if he noticed it at all, to the usual friction between the military and medical divisions of the F.G.J.S., but in Edwards's case the dislike was more personal. In his mind Gwachmann was a cold-blooded killer who represented everything that was hypocritical and distasteful about mutant-disposal duty.

"Einstein, Oppenheimer, Bantrex VII—all scientists have had to face the fact that science herself is inherently without morals," Gwachmann was saying to one of his colleagues, as if aware of Edwards's thoughts. "Oh, Chief Edwards. I trust you've met Nurjitt and Johnson, my assistants?"

"Oh yes, I'm sure we've been introduced," Edwards answered noncommittally. "How are the preparations proceeding?"

"Everything is ready on *our* end, Chief Edwards," Gwachmann said quietly, as if to imply that it was the military half of the mission which was holding things up, as usual. "I understand you and McCloskey ran into something a bit out of the ordinary out in F Sector."

"News travels fast. What we found was some sort of wreckage, extremely ancient, I'd say—no doubt uncovered by the shifting sands since the last aerial survey of the area."

"Not sand. Dust. The term 'sand' implies a silicon base, and, as you know, the Martian surface . . ."

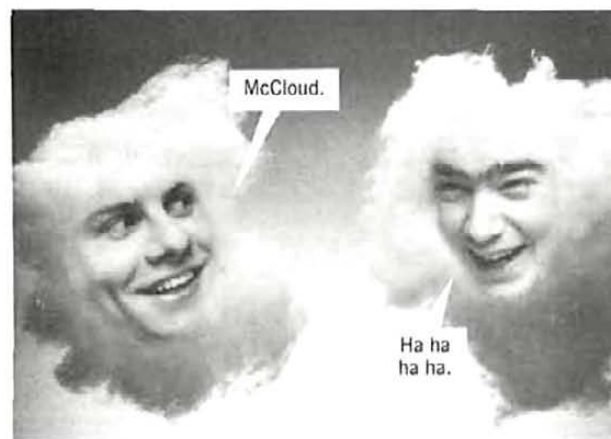
"Spare me, Gwachmann," Edwards said, his hostility unusually acute.

"Forgive me, sir," Gwachmann said,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)



Weather Vane Theater Presents CUMULUS AND REMUS



ROBERT LEWIS

HEY, I'M A NOR

...every time the phone rings, I want to throw it out the window.



... animated or puppet trademarks of breakfast cereals or frozen peas seem to offer much more sensible and realistic advice than my parents.

... sometimes it bothers me that Ed Ames never really made it on his own.

... I believe the Bible is literally true. I don't, however, attach much importance to it.

... everywhere I go I seem to run into James Caan or someone who claims to have sold him something at some point.

... I often seem to communicate telepathically with wives of members of the pro bowlers' tour.

... I carefully read long ads in the back of hunting magazines that start with headlines like "How You Can Make \$100 a Week or More Stuffing Envelopes in Your Spare Time," usually not remembering until I've finished reading that I already have a high-paying job.

... I don't give a flying fuck about the Rosenbergs, one way or the other.

... I think people with high I.Q.'s, except for science goons, should receive discounts on everything. These discounts would be paid for by a tax on stupid people.

... it is my earnest conviction that only very stupid people prefer cocaine to good liquor, even though I spend thousands of dollars a year on the stuff myself.

... if I had children, I would insist that they be bussed long distances, whether or not it would help to achieve racial integration.

... I don't understand why corporations like Mobil don't print cartoons instead of long-winded editorials that nobody reads but if they did read would make them hate Mobil even more. Possible titles: "The Gas-A-Roo Girls," "Pumps Ahoy," "Fill 'Er Up."

... when I see one of those tiny, yapping toy dogs, the kind that give real dogs a bad name, being walked down the street by the kind of person who takes pride in owning such a nervous, high-strung, inbred freak, I unconsciously measure the size of my shoe to see if I could step right on top of the dog and cover it completely.



... whole days pass when I translate every date I hear into how big it would be in dog years.

... I continue to recognize Texas as an independent republic.

... the English never seem particularly civilized to me, unless they're smoking pipes.



... those Zen Jews are really beginning to get on my nerves.

... I think the world would be a much better place if we'd fought the French in World Wars I and II.

... I think more judges should wear novelty T-shirts while sentencing the perpetrators of particularly heinous crimes.

... I think musical comedies make about as much sense as hi-fi trash cans.

... if I'm on a crowded elevator going down and someone comes on at the second floor, I always go, "Hey, great. We're really glad you joined us..." (pause) ... fuckhead."

... I believe women's gymnastics should play a more important role in the presidential selection process.

... I get this amazingly bad headache every time I listen to jazz.

... I always get Jim Jones and Jim Nabors confused, and then say the wrong thing.

... I think maybe Roman Polanski is on to something.

MAL GUY, BUT...



... I believe that Christmas, not Halloween, is the holiday when you should try to scare people.

... ever since I got cable TV, I never watch one show for longer than thirty seconds, unless it has naked people on it.

... I always wonder what my weight would be on the moon, then forget to look it up.

... 2:00 P.M. does not seem to me an unreasonable hour to wake up.

... I firmly believe that my grandpappy's maxim, "It always pays to lie," still holds true to this day. However, I tell only pointless lies, like about the color of my house or my grades in high school. I think it's uncool to lie if there's any good reason for it.

... even though of course I can't agree with their economic programs, I think the Nazis were pretty hip dressers.

... I still don't believe men really landed on the moon. I realize the technology is there; I just don't think it actually happened. I predict that it will happen, though, in the near future.

... I think fucking over peasants should be known as "the sport of kings." Horse racing should be known as "the sport of semi-alcoholic losers and wise guys."

... I think vegetarians are the *real* criminals around here.

... I often remark, "That reminds me of the story of the wise man and the goat," and then run out of the room in tears. It feels just like you've been kicked in the stomach.

... when a higher-up in my corporation phones with an important message, I like to respond with "Hey, are you on 'ludes, buddy, or what?"

... sometimes I find myself not putting jam on my English muffin in a restaurant, because I might have a hard time opening the jam packet and everyone would think, "Boy, what a crudface!"

... I wonder if homos would enjoy fist-fucking each other even more if there were some Cracker Jacks type of prize in the other man's anus.

... I can't help finding myself whistling Red Sovine songs just a bit too loudly when I'm being awarded a prestigious decoration like the Legion of Honor or the Iron Cross.

... I could see myself test-driving a big lobster. For kicks, mind you, for kicks.



... I sometimes wonder why the "wee folk" of Celtic mythology have taken up residence in my colon.

... every time I see Betty and Veronica together, I get a boner.

... I sometimes go for weeks at a stretch eating nothing but canned chili.



... I see absolutely no connection between warfare and the game of football.

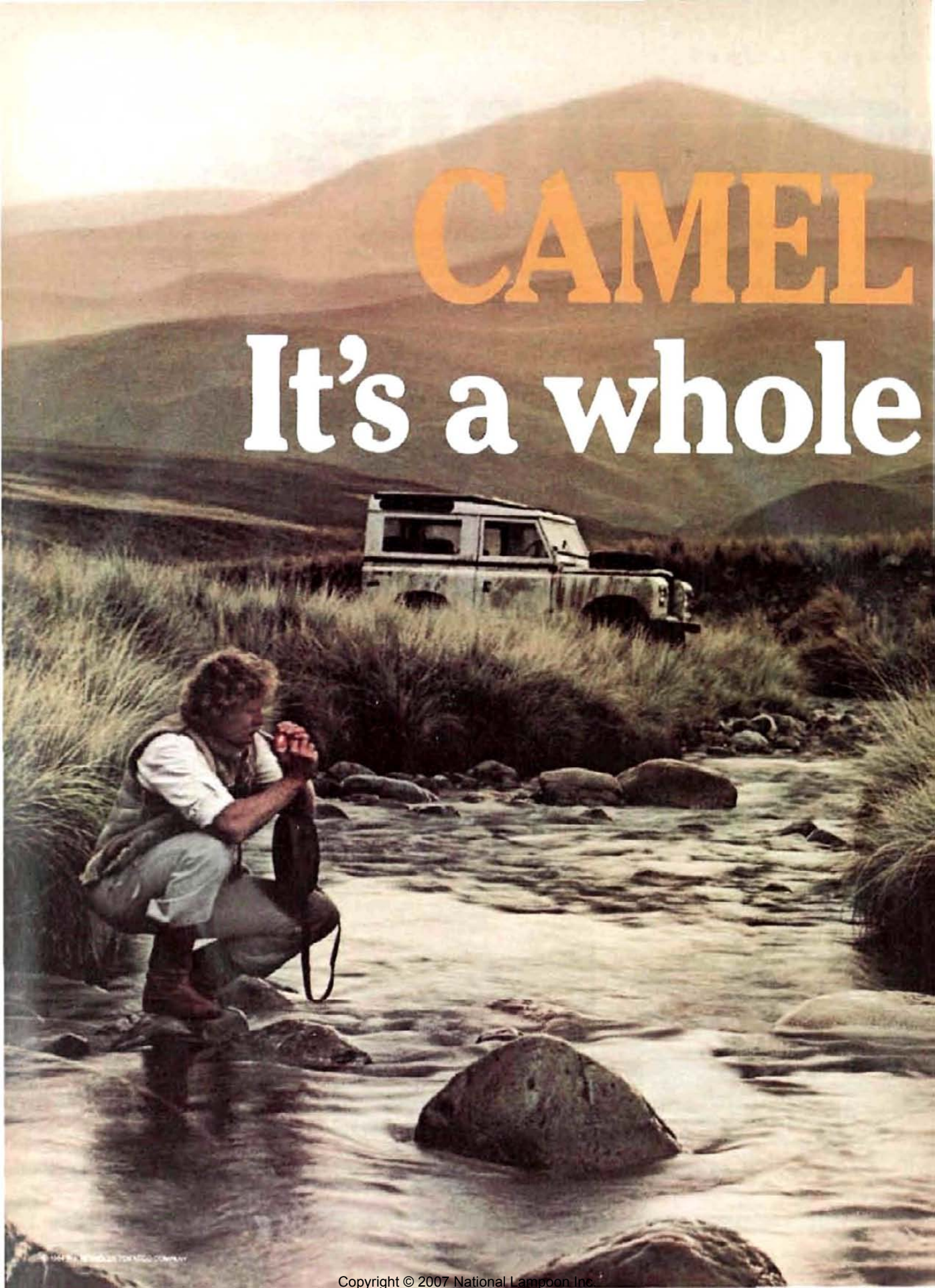
... I still wonder what would have happened if I had skipped out before my finals freshman year and headed for Mexico. Would I be the president of Mexico, a Mexican dentist, or what?

Would my wife have the fire of lust and life in her eyes, or would she be starting to look kind of fat and stupid and Mexican?

... I think the "New German Cinema" would be a lot better if Stuart Margolin were featured in more of its productions.

... every time someone says, "Let's go to Bun N' Burger," I say, "More like Bun N' Booger," even though I know it's not funny. Then I go and order the cheeseburger deluxe without tomatoes.

... I would vote unhesitatingly for any presidential candidate with the nickname "Ol' Slim Jim."

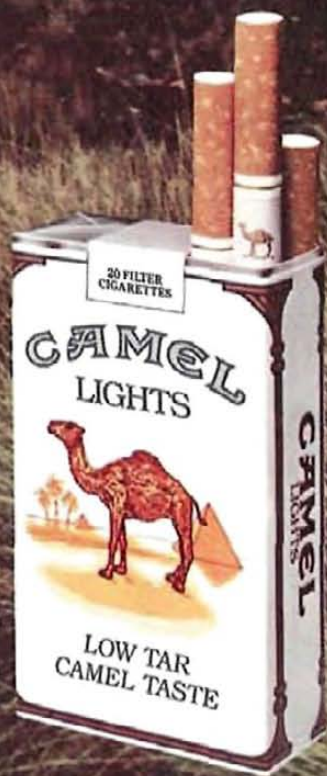
A man in a vest and light-colored clothing is crouching on a rock in a shallow, rocky stream. He is holding a dark bag or camera. In the background, a white SUV is parked on a grassy bank. The scene is set in a mountainous landscape with a large mountain peak in the distance under a hazy sky.

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DIANE LANE'S ALL-STAR CRUISE TO HELL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42) preserving his calm, as always. If there was a trace of sarcasm in his last word, it was so slight as to create in his listener an uncertainty as to whether it was something he had heard or merely imagined. "I understand," Gwachmann continued, "that you've called in the Interplanetary Police. Isn't that a bit unusual in the case of an incident that probably took place thousands of years ago?"

"I'm just doing things by the book, Gwachmann. You know as well as I do that it's not up to me to make that kind of judgment."

Gwachmann looked at Edwards with something that might be described as pity. All of Edwards's noble virtues—his sense of honor, his devotion to duty, his honesty and love of justice—all of these would have been admirable in a man. In a robot they were merely superfluous. Of course, they were all robots, all of them except the thing in a cage in the bowels of the ship, the thing they had come here to destroy, the mutant.

Me.
"Mutant"—it is their word for "man." Only they have forgotten—or tried to forget—that it is they who are the robots and we who are, or were, the men. Oh, we have changed since your time, and I don't think you would recognize us as your own species if you saw us now. In this war you would find

yourselves drawn to the side of Edwards and Gwachmann, for it is Edwards and Gwachmann who look like you, talk like you, and even, in a way, think like you (for we who created them did our jobs well). A small matter if those thoughts of theirs are patterns on a circuit board rather than the firings of neurons. And circuit boards, after all, have proved themselves far more resistant to the deadly Z radiation than mere neurons.

And so today it is our former servants who have become our exterminators. There is nothing so terribly sinister about it, after all—just an example of the survival of the fittest. If I were in Edwards's place, I'd feel fewer qualms than he over the "disposal" of something as grotesquely twisted, as hideously deformed (inside and out) as my kind. We had our chance, and because we asked for too much—for immortality, which is the rightful possession only of gods and robots—we were hurtled into oblivion by that unwitting agent of cosmic justice, Dr. Julius Tindberg.

All of which is not to say that I was just going to sit there in my cage and wait for them to inject me with alpha-6 and seal me up in that hole on Mars (on Mars, of course, because it was still wired into their electronic brains that they could not harm a human being on Earth; outside Earth, however, where we had used robots as soldiers

in the two-centuries-long war for domination of the solar system, their bloodlust was set free). I had hidden a teleportation transmitter in my derby—robots are forbidden to touch your hat, of course—and when I was certain that I wasn't being watched, I used it. Robots don't know about teleportation transmitters. We never told them.

When my molecules reassembled themselves in the transport room of my sleek intergalactic star cruiser, I was laughing so hard that I almost hit the "Maximum Dispersion" button, which would have spread my atoms out over this whole corner of the Milky Way. It felt good to be free, to be in a position to give orders rather than take them. Thrusting several of my more useless appendages over my shoulder where they would be out of the way, I propelled my monstrous bulk through the length of the gravity-free ship to the bridge. There, after settling myself into a command couch specially contoured to my unusual, rather inelegant shape, I gave the order for the reanimation of my crew. One hundred identical clones, fully conditioned for total loyalty and devotion. Robots would have been cheaper, of course, but perhaps you can understand that, despite my genuine admiration, I have rather a distate of robots. I had bred the clones from a skin scraping taken a very long time ago, in a place that now existed not even in memory.

As their crew took their places on the bridge, I spoke to the navigator. "What is your designation, navigator?"

"Number Eleven, sir."

"Very good, Number Eleven. Set a course for Alpha Centauri."

Perhaps the robots were right. Perhaps mankind, so twisted and debased from the results of its own impossible cravings, was indeed a sort of infection. If so, it was spreading. I laughed evilly. A hundred Diane Lanes laughed with me, but their laugh was pure and innocent.

DIANE LANE FINISHED READING THE briny manuscript she had fished from the waters near her Malibu cottage. She shuddered at whatever instinct had made her retrieve that bottle.

"An interesting story, I'm sure you'll agree," the voice called out from the dunes behind her. "Too bad you'll be reading it again—in hell."

Diane looked at the stranger's flashing red eyes. Would the helicopter arrive in time? ■



"I suggest that we grab a bite first."

The New York Times Magazine

JUNE 17, 1984 SECTION 4

THE
CHANGING
ROLE OF THE
MEDIA IN
MEDIA IN
URBAN LIFE

BY MRS. GELB



Exterminating the Ethiopes



It's
very new,
very rich,
and
very,
very you.

A most piquant glob of phraseology seems to be dangling from every lip in the Justice Department these days: *Let's kill all the Negroes* [KNEE-grows]. Memos, mimeos and media alike (alliteration aweigh!) have been swarming with this buzz phrase. (Buzz words lead to buzz phrases and thusly to buzz columns.) Over in Defense, the Pentagonians say *Let's croak all the Sambos*, while behind the blue doors to the Green Room (in the *White House*—such childish terms!) the President himself (President Ronald Himself?)—such appositives are positively confusing!) has been known to suggest *decimating dem darkies*. (Our President is alliterate.)

Why then so many variants? (*Variations* means the same thing, you fucking morons, so forget writing some witless ungrammatical letter in protest. Eh, Gads [a Middle English spelling of God! Don't you people have anything better to do than nitpick an article?]) If *butchering all the burrheads* is indeed official government policy, then why can't the Phrase Administrators (in the Bureau of Clauses, Department of Sentences, operating under the Federal Paragraph Act of 1945—to hear me tell it) agree upon a proper unification of terms? If Hoobert Heever (HHH) had promised "a hen in every kettle" or "a ham

in every oven" at different whistle-stops, he'd still be stone dead today, but "a chicken in every pot" won him an election once. (To win in 1984, candidates will no doubt be promising "a warhead in every silo" or "a loophole in every bracket.")

Attempting to properly identify the slogan (while dangling a modifier), I called a friend of mine over at the Agency for International Slaughter. He claims the virgin concept came out of the F.B.I. in the 1930's. It seems old J. Edgar Hoover (Heever?) had a pet solution to the race problem: He was known to suggest *slaughtering the schvartzes*—no doubt a throwback to his Jewish mother's Yiddish roots (not redundant [Yiddish is not necessarily Jewish! Nazis aren't always German]. The notion of annihilating the black race first appeared in print around 1860, when Bif "Bunny" Hogweedle, editor of the *Sweatgland* (Georgia) Peach Pit, suggested *cillin' all culuds* (sic) (but not sick) in the event the Northern states tried emancipating Southern chattel. Around the Press Club today, I still overhear colleagues recommending *lynching the jigaboos* or *genociding the boogies* (yah, yah, so what if *genociding* is improper noun-verb gerunding? Don't hassle me, I'm just quoting!). Even in the Department of Education, those sensitive ed psych

types have been known to go so far as to recommend *perishing a few pickaninies*. (Gerund, ger-alike?)

So which is right (or *correct* or *proper*—lay off already!)? Ever since The Great Vowel Shift, tight-asses like this scribe have been trying to tell ignoramuses like you readers how to talk good. (You can lead a writer to *well* but you can't make him use it.) Anyway (a summarizing adverb), right grammar is like sex—if it feels good, do it. If you want to *murder* a few melon eaters, say so. If *liquidating a dozen apelips* is your thing, speak your murderous, racist mind. Call 'em Sambos, smokes, slaves or *shitskins*. Lynch 'em, demise 'em or pop 'em off. It's all the same. (So why bother with this article? It's Sunday morning, don't you got something better to do? [Go fuck your wife!]) Who cares? No one reads this whole column anyway. Who could?, with all the parenthetical marks&—haywire punctuation: and constantly tortured; train of thought?)

Inasmuch as (a dandy subordinating conjunction that I tend to favor) I always end this column with my characteristic pun-filled (pun-ish is another thrill I enjoy) wordplay, let me summarize by suggesting that when I was a speechwriter for Nixon, that disgraced paragon of the solecism was fond of remarking that the Air Force ought to *defoliate the*

From
ARRIVISTE
OF PARIS



Calvin Klein

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My secretary, who writes this column, says that I wouldn't notice if she called me a shithead up here in big bold type.

jungle bunnies. Us gram-mar-ians (catch that?) pointed out that while one may defoliate a jungle, it would be illogical to strip the leaves off a rabbit. To this, Nixon wittily rejoined, "What the fuck's the difference? A dead nigger is a dead nigger!"

a noun, it appears as *flying fuck*, not to be confused with *zipless fuck*. And *fucking the dog* means either "loafing" or "a prison sentence for bestiality."

Such a trusty expletive as *fuck* is indeed in danger of losing all meaning whatever. However, if I may (I do love these asides!), I'd like to offer another construction hitherto unheard by these ears. The one form of *fuck* that has yet to be attained is the adverbial—until now.

"Stop reading," the writer commanded fuckishly.

Ultra-Versatile Fuck

While dining with my confreres in a swank Washington bistro, I overheard a beggar in the street shouting, "Give me something to eat, you fucks!" A curious employment of that jack-of-all-curses, I thought, jotting down the usage in a notebook I keep with me for recording odd constructions and jargon (as well as the names of people who misuse back-formation—like *veg out*, from *vegetable*). Now, as everyone knows, there is no hunger in this Administration; therefore, the fellow was suggesting that every man in that eatery was an *intercourse*. Perhaps this speculation on the elites' sexual habits was accurate (I myself have done "it"); however, I think he meant *fuckers*.

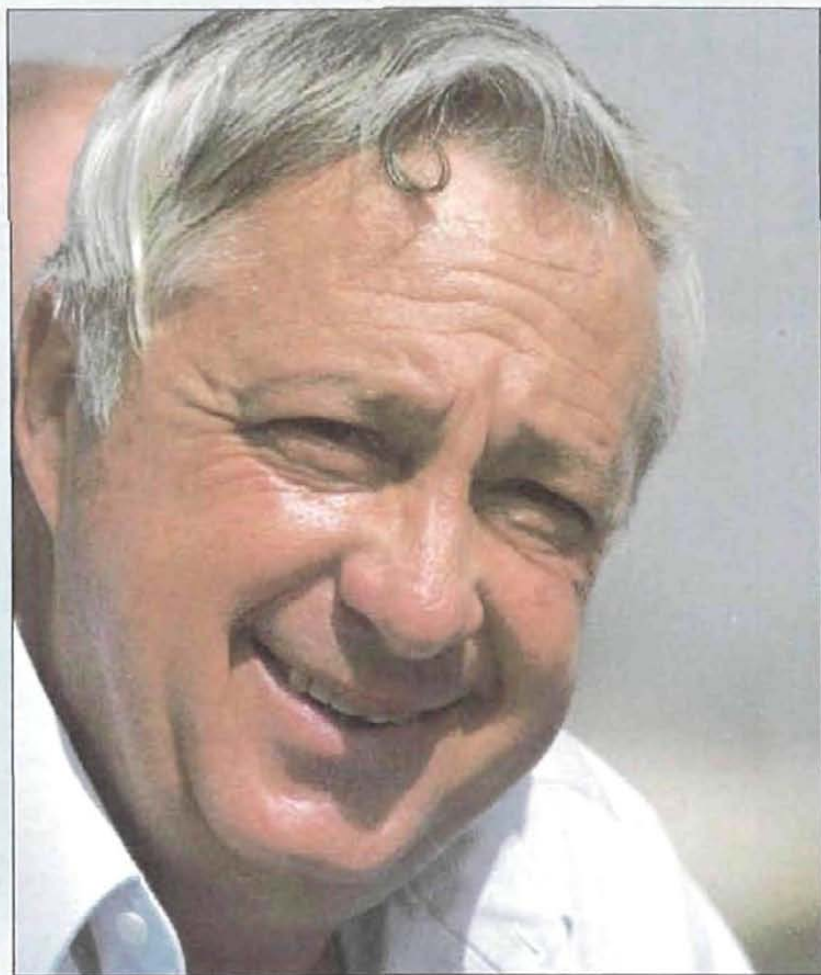
Surely no other word in the language can serve as so many parts of speech. *Fuck you* is a verb command. *Get fucked* is a passive command. Combined with the inflectional prepositions *up*, *over*, *around* or *off*, the verb attains new applications (*fucked up*, *fuck over*, *fuck around*, *fuck off*). We also have the reflexive appositive: *go fuck yourself*; the adjectival: *fucking asshole*; the affirmative: *fucking-A!*; the negative: *fuck no!*; and the ever-popular interjection: *ouch* and *fuck!* Recently, hyphenates have been added to the syllabic lexicon: *in-fucking-credible*, *un-fucking-believable* and *no-fucking-way*. Even the same expression can achieve a myriad of meanings. *Fucked up* means "drunk," a *fuck-up* is an error or an error-prone individual, while to *fuck someone up* is to ruin them. As

Shit—Shat— Shitten

In last week's column, I ventured to expel the last turd of constipation over the proper declension of the verb *to shit*. Its principal parts remain: *I am shitting today*, *I shat yesterday*, *I have shitten in the past*. The verb is transitive only: *Trini Lopez shit a brick*. It can never be intransitive. Even the construction *Trini Lopez almost shat in his pants* implies that Trini shat something! Those boors among us who insist that their kitty-cat *shitted* all over the Persian carpet will have to remain fouled in the offal of their ignorance. I have spoken (and have shitten) my last on this subject.

And one quick retort to Amos Moose of Inbred, Vt.: I used *dumb cunt* quite correctly in my analysis of Margaret Thatcher's use of the subjunctive. Yes, cunts don't have brains, but then neither do you. And the same to Hugh Twit of Picayune, La., who advanced that same argument concerning the epithet *you fucking cocksucker*. (An impossibility if ever there was one!) Hey, why don't you people take that pen out of your assholes and meet each other at the library some Sunday morning? I'll get a day off and you can discuss why there can be no *stupid assholes* because assholes like you don't have brains. ■

**“What?’ I said to them.
‘There was no toilet paper in your room?’
“Never again.””**



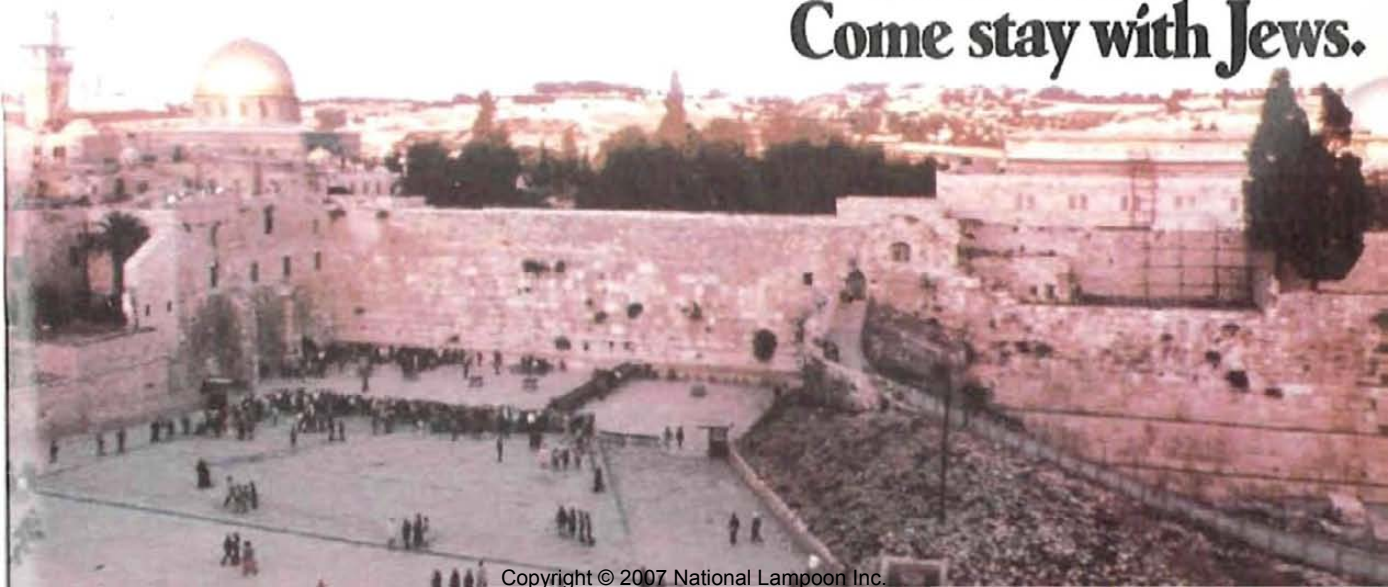
“It seems that no matter where American Jews travel, they cannot escape the ugly specter of anti-Semitism. Luggage that is ‘lost’ in a London airport. A ‘service charge’ levied by a Tokyo cabdriver. A ‘reservations mixup’ at a Rio hotel.

“They’re after you and they’re after us. There’s only one place in the world you can go where the secret police won’t follow you dawn to dusk, where hotel busboys don’t urinate on the kosher cutlery, where the harboring of ex-Nazis is not official policy.

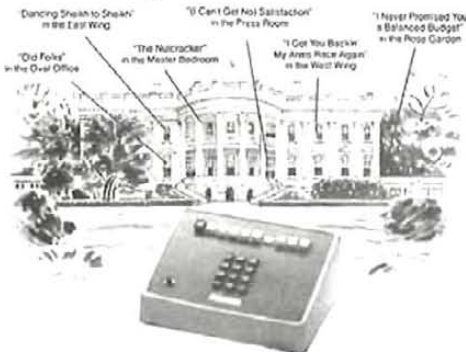
“You may not be happy in Israel. But thank G*d you’ll be safe.”

Israel, the Masada on the Mediterranean.SM For more information about a vacation in Israel, see a travel agent, and then hide until the tickets arrive.

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Model WH-1600 (shown above) is designed for a huge mansion. Smaller and larger Boltin's are not available, but so what.

Child of The Depression



The first Baker to take the big dive into nowhere had, according to family legend, just purchased a set of one-way tickets on the Mayflower. In true Baker style, though, the promise of a land of milk and honey and streets lined with tobacco profits held nothing in comparison to the strong relentless pull of death's beckoning tide.

The temptation to "suck the musket," as it was known in those days, drove Baker's wife crazy. She took pains to remind him that she was a Baker by marriage, not blood. "I'll be damned," she told him, "if I'm going to spend all my time thinking about the dead man's dunk."

That was just what this Baker needed to hear. Assured that his progeny would grow to the good age when, being of the Baker bloodline, they too could shoot out the lights, he threw himself off the pier at Surrey and drowned.

And what a standard he set. To begin with, the first Baker was an excellent swimmer. What resolve and determination it must have taken for him to forsake the very thing he did well, just to greet the Reaper.

The last Baker to end it all, my cousin Sam, had—in life—developed a propensity for 1970's-style thrill sports: parachuting, deep-sea diving, shooting the rapids, and screenwriting. It must have taken something very special for him to leap from the rocky cliffs of Oahu, sever the nylon cords of his hang

glider and leave his entrails for the barnacles to digest. Not much was left of Sam after his mile-long drop into the craggy drink. We ended up burying a few shreds of Gore-Tex in his stead.

Why am I going on like this? Is it because the thing I do best in life is write, and I'm planning to scribble myself into an early grave? Perhaps.

What, in fact, has prompted this morbid reverie was the receipt yesterday of the Baker family album, a collection of newspaper clippings and correspondence concerning the suicides of Bakers from Surrey to Oahu.

My favorite has to do with Aunt Selma, whom I knew somewhat intimately. My mother, sisters and I lived with her during the Great Depression. (The Bakers' Great Depression came a few years after America's, and I'd appreciate it if you didn't confuse the two.) Aunt Selma lived in a grim funk for quite some time, prompting Mother to move her family out of Selma's home and go off to live with Uncle Frank. Selma, seeing that her house was empty and no one was around to witness her grim funk, decided that it was time for her to go gently into that good night.

Late one evening, she ran through the town of Canton, Ohio, screaming at the top of her lungs. "The bed is falling, the bed is falling," she yelled, being a big fan of James Thurber. Halfway through town,

seeing that the bed held neither alarm nor diversion for Canton's residents, she began to scream. "The dam has broken." Finally the sheriff caught up with her and locked her up.

"Where did you think you were going?" he asked her.

"To hell in a handbasket," she answered. That night, she used her foundation garments to hang herself. You could do that in those days, before women wore frilly underthings.

Bakers throughout history have drunk gasoline, slit their wrists in the bathtubs of hotel rooms, set up shop on railroad trestles, slashed, pumped lead in and drilled their skulls to live up to the family name.

And so, you may ask, what's my problem?

New York. If you think this is a terrible place to try to live in dignity, think of how hard it is to try to die in dignity here. Strict handgun laws, the absence of solitude and the difficulty of finding a good, stiff drink to begin the long, slow decline into advanced alcohol poisoning head the list of problems.

On the other hand, it could be that dignity just isn't what this place is all about. And was that my neighbor I saw hang gliding outside my window the other day?

A photograph of a woman in a black frogman suit with a large red and white oxygen tank on her back, carrying a woman in white underwear and a grey cardigan on her back. They are on a bridge over a river. Two police officers in dark uniforms are in the background, one standing and one crouching on a rock. The sky is cloudy.

THE MAIDENFORM WOMAN.
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ANYMORE.

We posed her and photographed her on the street in her underwear. On construction sites, in courtrooms, on subways—in all kinds of crowded places, the weirder the better. We ruined her personal reputation and used up her modeling career. And when the ad campaign ended, we threw her away like a broken toy. So she drowned herself.

A lot we care. There's more where she came from.

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CAGES OF CONFORMITY

SHAME OF THE SOVIET ZOOS

By Leslie H. Glib

I ARRIVED IN MOSCOW FULL of hatred and enthusiasm. It was three weeks after the Soviet Union's aborted invasion of Bermuda—widely viewed by intelligence sources as the most explosive period in U.S.-Soviet relations since the C.I.A. tried to sneak industrialist Armand Hammer into Joseph Stalin's refrigerator—and the Cold War was at a feverish pitch.

It was a Sunday. Moscow's sidewalks, usually solitary and foreboding, seemed to sputter with vibrancy. Workers were out with their families, searching for scarce consumer goods, eyeing used-car lots—tossing a few rubles to the wind.

I was surprised by the faces. Normally pale and resigned, lined like the lettering on memorial tombstones, these faces were inexplicably buoyant. Being naturally suspicious of Soviet good cheer, I looked in vain for an oncoming military parade.

As it turned out, I was just a mile past the Kremlin, at the entrance to the Moskovsky Gosudarstvenny Zoopark—the Moscow State Zoo. Hordes of Muscovites ambled through the iron gates past the solemn sol-

diers guarding the Zoopark.

I approached the zoo with a heavy dose of tenacity, and I could feel my journalistic juices bubbling up in anticipation. After all, I had come to the Soviet Union to piece together the Cold War puzzle for my upscale readership, to get the scoop, the slam dunk, the championship belt, but most of all, to blast those yellow-tailed Reds in black and white. (My metaphors were really flowing, working their way into a coordinated color scheme.)

I waited on a long line outside the Zoopark. I was reminded of the lines outside the flowered sanctuaries of dead statesmen, a popular form of entertainment in this city of onion-shaped domes, pea-brained bureaucrats and thick-skinned thugs.

As I stood there, engulfed in the unbearable stench of the Zoopark, questions came to mind, important questions which cut through all the ambiguities of warhead statistics and the monotonous drivel of my news analyses: Did the Soviets realize that they lived like imprisoned animals? Did their balloons fly high or drag on the ground? Were these people—people who likely wouldn't know the taste of (Continued on Page 63)



Inferior Russian-made film yields very blurred and grainy results when enlarged; ironically, that makes it perfect for this publication. At left, probably an animal at the Zoopark. Even without enlargement, it's easy to find fuzzy Russian pictures. Above, Russians.

SOLVING THE RIDDLE OF THE NOSE

By Martin Phlegmo

THE NOSE AND ITS VARIOUS FUNCTIONS HAVE been generally neglected by science during the post-World War II years; various other "go-go" body parts and diseases, more exotic, more exciting to the public and therefore more likely to draw huge research grants, have eclipsed the perhaps pedestrian but certainly essential organ of smell. Recently, however, thanks in no small part to the rediscovery of quite a few multisyllabic words that can be used in the discussion of its functions, the nose has begun once again to attract, if not researchers, so-called science writers who have exhausted just about every other area of medicine in their never-ending attempt to provide enough copy to ensure a separation of at least five pages between four-color underwear ads. But first, a little background.

The nose has been both celebrated and reviled throughout recorded history, from the second book of Genesis ("And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life," an account recently disputed in these pages by Isaac Asimov) right through to President Ronald Reagan's most recent State of the Union Address ("Essential to this Administration's achieving its goals in the Middle East is our effort—and we will succeed, with your help—to get Syria's nose out of Russia's ass"). Despite its longevity as a topic of discussion, however, shockingly little attention has been paid to the organ's biological place in the landscape of the human body. It is into this breach that scientists such as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's (M.I.T.'s) Dr. Esmond Cripple have leaped; indeed, recent strides made by Dr. Cripple and others threaten to set the current body of knowledge of the nose on its ear.

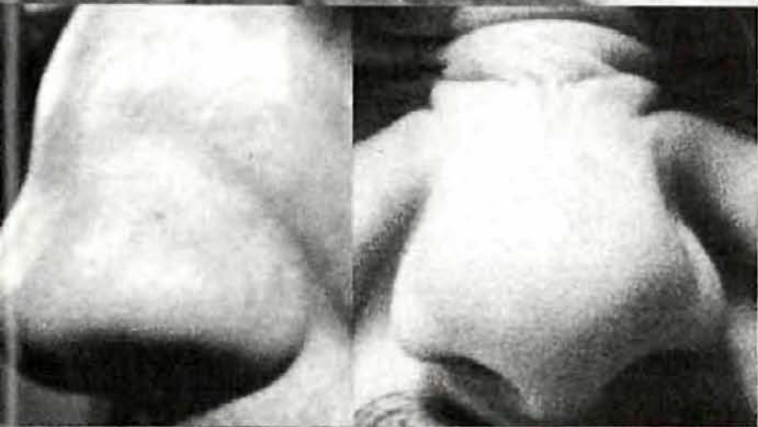
"Hello, ladies and gentlemen. Welcome. Sorry I'm late," Dr.

Martin Phlegmo's rent came due again this month.

Noses can be
big or small.
Noses can be
short or tall.
Noses, noses,
noses.



PH



"I wouldn't lose sleep over the homeless. Why should you?" —Leona M. Hellkite
President

When you stay at the Harpey, you can rest assured that your sleep won't be disturbed by the moaning of starving vagrants.

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Just around the corner from Bloomie's.

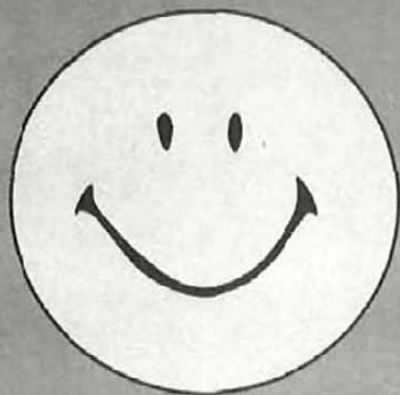
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Peace, It's Wonderful



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Grenada



Scientists now believe that if the human species had not developed noses, babies might look something like this police artist's sketch.

Cripple cheerily tells a symposium of academes as he bounds onto the lecture stage. (The name "Cripple" is something of a misnomer, as the doctor is fully mobile and in fact holds several records in trampolining; later research unearths the fact that his name has been changed from Johnson because "crippled scientists get all the attention, respect and Nobels, and if I can't be one at least I can show that I'm in their league.") "Let's make up for lost time by getting right down to my report. The evening news has an early deadline, you know."

Spending more time walking across the stage "working the crowd" than he does in his motorized wheelchair, Dr. Cripple holds his colleagues spellbound as he reveals new breakthroughs. "As you know, precious little money has been awarded to us humble scientists who have chosen delving the depths of the nose as our work," he tells the group. "What I'm about to say may shock you: Frankly, I think it's all our own fault."

"I'm as guilty as the rest of you. In the past, if I were at, say, a Massachusetts Institute of Technology [M.I.T.] cocktail party talking to some braless grad student and she asked me my specialty, I might say,

'Oh, I'm into the maxillary sinuses—you know, those triangular holes in your skull.'"

The crowd begins to murmur; it's clear at this point that Dr. Cripple's example has struck home with some of the scientists, and they're wondering just what he's getting at. Suddenly, he wheels (on his feet, that is; either pride or vanity, or both, causes him to continue eschewing the wheelchair), bringing his fist down hard on the podium as he makes his point. "That's all wrong!" he shouts. "They're not triangular holes! Each one is a pyramidal space, with its roof formed by the floor of the eye-socket formation known as the orbit, and its floor supported by both the palate and the teeth-bearing bone! We know this! We also know about ethmoidal sinuses! We know about sphenoidal sinuses! We know about the cribriform plate! Olfaction, cilia, phonation, ostia, fossae, polyps—gentlemen, we know these words and can pronounce them! We know that if you burp, sneeze and fart at the same time you will die! But it's not enough to know these things—we must use them! Use them to get money!"

As quickly as the speech has begun, it is over, and Dr. Cripple is gone from the stage. The crowd, silent

for a moment, seems stunned—until it bursts into violent applause, applause that just gets louder and finally erupts into a standing ovation as two Nobel Prize winners jump onto the stage and fight for the right to wheel off Dr. Cripple's empty chair.



In his modest twelve-bedroom home near the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (M.I.T.) campus later, Dr. Cripple laughs a bit over his own dramatic performance. "Ninety percent of what I do, in my lectures and my grant proposals, is showmanship," he acknowledges. "But Christ, try telling the Ford Foundation that you need \$5 million to find out why people eat their boogers. I don't like having to do a song and dance, but I have to so I can continue my work." With that, he launches into a delightful version of "Send in the Clowns," utilizing a very unorthodox upbeat tempo and doing a passable soft-shoe during the breaks between verses. "You've really been a great crowd," he says. "Come on, I want to show you some adenoids."

In his adenoid room, a sun-dappled, comfortable den with a Southern exposure (the taller buildings of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology [M.I.T.] are just visible through the windows), Dr. Cripple ex-

pounds on the source of his innovative new discoveries. "I have a ten-year-old boy," he says. "His mother and I split up a long time ago; it was just one of those things where we grew apart, what with my lecture tours and articles in the Journal of the American Medical Association [M.I.T.], but we're still good friends and would talk to each other often if we didn't have other things to do. Anyway, for his tenth birthday, I thought I'd get Albert something really nice. Perhaps I wanted to atone for the breakup of the marriage, perhaps show him that although I forgot his eighth and ninth birthdays, I still loved him, perhaps it was something else that could well be the nucleus of, say, a 20,000-word article for you on the joys and heartbreak of single, well-off, respected, award-winning fathers, and by the way I have a free weekend in August when I could dictate the thing to my secretary and you could have one of your editors fix it up to read right. So I thought, 'Gee, I bet Albert would love to have an Encyclopedia Britannica.' And I picked one up . . . and just between you and me, when I turned to the section on sinuses and saw all those twenty-dollar words, I just forgot all about the kid and his birthday and started dictating grant proposals. I haven't looked back since."

(Continued on Page 144)

"I wouldn't dream of letting my husband outlive me. Why should you?" —Leona M. Hellkite, President



I wouldn't have married a heartless, rich old scumbag who throws people out of their homes for profit unless I knew that someday I'd have that money all to myself. That's why I keep careful tabs on my husband's diet, and make sure he's slipped enough salt, cholesterol and white sugar to kill a moose. At the Harpey, our chefs have been trained to do the same for you. Tell 'em what hubby isn't supposed to eat, and they'll see that he gets it—quietly. We're going to be my favorite hotel.

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Grenada

About Men, For Once

BY BURT REYNOLDS

ON MY FAVORITE SHIRT

I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS A kid, I had a shirt I really liked. And I would wear this shirt whenever I could. I wore it when I played baseball, and rode my bike, and went to the movies, and played with my friends—all the things little boys do when they're young, before they grow up to be what we call so-called "adults." Then one day I came home from school, and I looked for this really beloved shirt of mine... and I couldn't find it. And I remember asking my mother, whom I loved very much, "Ma, what happened to my shirt?" And she said—"I'll never forget this as long as I live—she said, 'I threw it out, son. It was old and ragged. So I threw it away.'"

That's a true story. I think that's when I first realized something very, very important.

I realized that it's hard to be a man. Oh, certainly, we swagger around, and try to affect a so-called "macho" image. But that's all it is. Image. An illusion—like our dreams. We need dreams, for what is life if not a dream itself, being dreamed by someone we call God? Yet does that mean our dreams should be allowed to become a tyrant over us? "No way."

Some of us do the macho situation well. Some of us do it better than others. Some of us don't do it that particularly well—and then we say, "Oh, he isn't manly. He isn't a real man." And when we do that, and if that person hears us do it, we cause pain. And pain hurts. Even if you're a man, which half of us are.

Let's say a man wants to knit, or learn crenel. In a situation like that, what takes place is, he's condemned by society. Or say he wants to kiss cats. Or bake a nice plate of cookies. Or fill his room with stuffed teddy bears and invite them to a tea party with Raggedy Ann and Snoopy.

Society will condemn him because society is based on a picture, or a myth, of what a man should be to be a man. Women say, "Men have all the power." Or "Men don't allow women to be members of society." Or "Men don't want to be women because they're too involved in setting up a so-called 'macho' impression to intimidate other men."

I think this is a terrible tragedy. When my mother threw away my favorite shirt, what I felt was the hurt of pain. "Oh," you could say, "that's because you were a kid. You're a big star now. You can have all the shirts you want. You're rich and famous, and you have enough money to have your own dinner theater and all the other things a successful man in society has." Yes, but I don't have that shirt. And that's what's important. Suppose that today my mother threw away my dinner theater. Would that be any less a tragedy? I don't think so.

There are, I admit, men who have the courage to be a certain kind of man, a new kind of man, one who isn't afraid to show his feelings. I'm thinking of an Alan Alda. A Phil Donahue. A Merv Griffin. These are men who say, "Hey, I'm not concerned with promoting myself as a macho kind of image. I'm com-

fortable being me. Because this is my life. I have a very real desire to live my life as me. And if you don't like it, or men don't like it, or women don't like it, I'm going to be honest enough, and selfish—if you want to call it that—enough to say, 'Hey, I have feelings.'"

And I think that's fantastic, I really do. Because men do have feelings. And that's so important, and valid.

I think this really begins to have relevance when you come to the subject of children. Now, as a celebrity, as a famous person in our society, various things one does and says become public property. Whether you like it or not. You drop a casual comment on "The Tonight Show," and suddenly millions of people hear it. So, for example, I know that the public is aware that I want to be a father. And that I want a son. A boy-child. Is this "sexism"? Is it "childism"? I honestly don't think so, but I could be wrong.

But some people, the critics, and the so-called quote-unquote "experts," say, "Why doesn't he just go ahead and do it?" But what they never understand is that women refuse to accept the fact that men are emotive creatures like themselves. This would not be a problem with certain other men—like an Alan Alda, a Phil Donahue—and that's where the real irony is. Those kind of men aren't afraid to show warmth. To show the hurtfulness of life as it impinges upon themselves. So that you can say, "Hey, life hurts. My life hurts me. Not anybody else. Me." I feel very, very sorry for a man who can't say that.

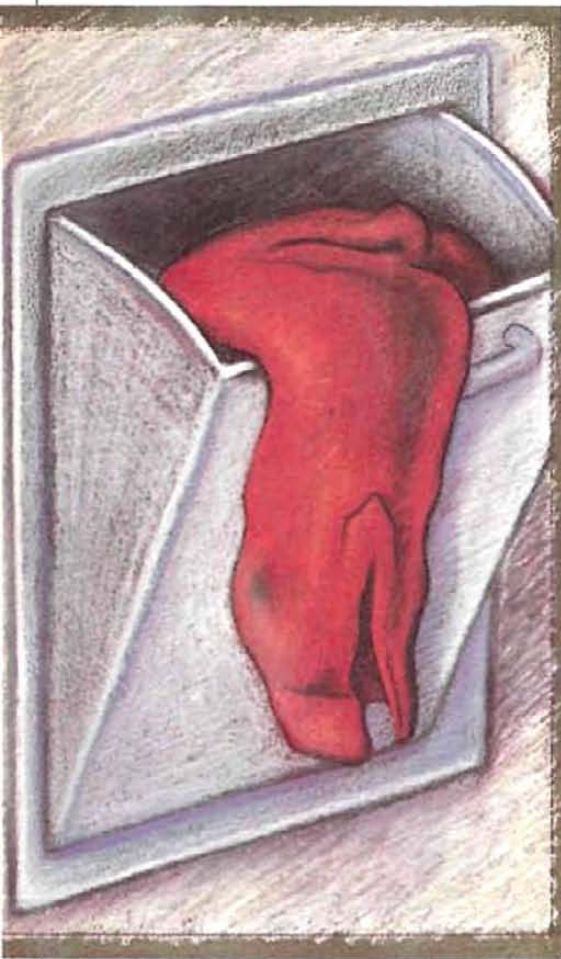
A friend of mine once had a bicycle, and his father accidentally ran over it in the driveway. It was terrible.

Sometimes when I see how young the baseball players are, I get sad. Once I saw a rainbow, and it was so beautiful, it made me laugh.

But I don't know one woman who cares about any of these facts.

Maybe that's why I recently moved in with Alan Alda and Phil Donahue. To live "together." To share the having-feelings and the being-had-of-feelings-by-another-person that men have, and need, and that women don't understand. Alan and Phil will be the sons I never had, so far. I like to think so, anyway.

And I like to think that, if the favorite shirt that used to belong to that little boy who was me is watching, that it approves, and loves me as much as I love him, and it.



Burt Reynolds's latest films are *Fast-Car*, *Tit-Man*, *Laughs at the Stupid Sheriff*, and a remake of *The Stranger*.

CAGES

Continued from Page 57

freedom from a leftover plate of chicken Kiev—looking at their own reflection when they looked through the bars? Were they locked into cages of conformity, yearning for freedom but living like shriveled prunes, trapped in a cold bath behind a decrepit, rusting iron shower curtain? I had to find out.

I entered through the gates. The Zoopark stretched as long as three Soviet destroyers lined up in the seas off the Swedish coast. Like so many other totalitarian structures, the Zoopark seemed to be designed to make the individual feel small, diminished, puny. I myself felt so small, I remembered the countless times I had prostrated myself before A. M.'s desk and begged for a raise. I tried to think of something less humiliating, so I bought an ice cream.

The line for ice cream was long. There were only two flavors, borscht and vanilla. I ordered the vanilla, but it tasted like boiled cabbage. I tossed my ice cream toward the slogan-plastered trash can—"Onward Marxism, Leninism, Scientific Sanitation"—but it hit a gruff-looking man, who just smiled and licked the ice cream off his fur cap. I apologized profusely, and we started talking.

His name was Andrei. He introduced me to his wife, Olga, and his two sons, Ivan and Nyet. Andrei was typically Russian: peace-loving, paranoid, friendly but not trustworthy, optimistic, impulsively suicidal, sober, dying for a drink, desperate and stupid, predictably witty, clumsy and ugly. We hit it off immediately. Then he told me the story of the Zoopark. "Always the cages and the bars," he said.

Andrei knew the Zoopark like the back of his hand—Olga later told me that she knew the back of his hand too, and showed me the bruises to prove it. We walked along, Andrei, Olga, Ivan, Nyet and I, until we came across the big cats. Ivan and Nyet ran up

to the cage and started chanting "Levs u tigrs u medveds, ho ho." Andrei said it meant "Lions and tigers and bears, ho ho." I was intrigued.

Andrei explained that their favorite movie was the Russian interpretation of "The Wizard of Oz," renamed "The Wizards of Mozcow," and that their favorite scene was the one in which Dorotski followed the yellow brick road, constructed by the Union of Soviet Socialist Bricklayers, and wound up with a seat on the Central Committee of the Politburo. I asked him what happened to the dog Toto. He said that in the Russian version, Toto was sent to a work camp in Minsk for riding in a flying house without a license.

Then Andrei described the Zoopark before Stalin. "There weren't any cages in those days," he said. "Back then, people used to come to the Zoopark in automobiles, just like they do at Great Adventure in New Jersey. Of course, you couldn't come if your car had a flimsy vinyl top. Then came the purges. The soldiers would force the prisoners out of the cars and call for the lions. One day half the animals were rounded up and served up in the commissary in the Kremlin. It was horrible, a very tough day for the Soviet people, and hard to swallow."

We gathered the kids and started walking toward the outdoor seal pool. The seals were cute, slippery creatures, sort of like Soviet arms negotiators. In front of us was an enormous building called the Seal Club. We waited on a long line. It reminded me of the line of reporters waiting to see the staff psychiatrist back in the newsroom.

Ivan and Nyet approached the Seal Club membership platform. I was impressed. There seemed to be an effort to put children in contact with nature, let them get to know

(Continued on Page 66)

"Why settle for a martini when you want the blood of virgins?" —Leona M. Hellkite, President



As a woman with balls, I can't stand a cocktail without them. That's why I make sure the bartenders at the Harpey keep a fresh stock of my favorite drinks. Wolfsbane, hemlock, STP, eye of newt, and toe of frog, wool of bat, and tongue of dog . . . by the pricking of my thumbs, you'll find them at the Harpey. We're going to be my favorite hotel.

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Grenada

FRUITCAKE

NO, 'TIS NOT the season. Festivity and good cheer, long gone. Craig, or "I,"

to you, at the beginning of this column, before he reverts to "we," the famous "we," the very "we" I will refer to later, is on vacation. God knows, when I agreed to this whole thing, I barely knew a word of *anglais*. For some reason this "with Pierre Frenchy" is the confusion. If it was "and Pierre Frenchy" (and I did argue for this, I assure you, once I understood)—but no. "With" in America seems to be a verb.

I have a family. A wife. In France, one can even be a hairdresser and still be heterosexual. We are, at the least, chauvinistic. No woman is a great chef. *Comprenez-vous?* Do I have to spell it out? As a joke I could say, "Let me be straight with you," but I wouldn't be kidding.

As for fruitcake, by now you get the humor. In truth, I have no recipe this week. Frankly, I am too upset. Frankly, I would like to reprint the recipe on the back of the Ritz cracker box for "Mock Apple Pie" and call it a day. Only in America could they think of making this pie. In France, where men are men, or at least talented transvestites, an apple is an apple. In America, a cracker with lemon juice and some sugar is an apple. No wonder people think Craig and I share more than a kitchen. No wonder my sons are ashamed. No wonder my daughter tells me she too wants a career in "home ec." Well, I've had it. I have nothing more interesting to say about the gentle almond or the versatile avocado. Craig can discuss this with you when he gets back. He can drop the "we" or hoodwink another Frog. I will start a family restaurant in the Adirondacks.



Apple pie à la Ritz

Pastry for 2-crust 9-inch pie

- 36 Ritz crackers
- 2 cups water
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 teaspoons cream of tartar
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice

Grated rind of one lemon
Butter or margarine

Cinnamon

1. Roll out bottom crust of pastry and fit into 9-inch pie plate. Break Ritz crackers coarsely into pastry-lined plate.

2. Combine water, sugar and cream of tartar in saucepan; boil gently for 15 minutes. Add lemon juice and rind. Cool.

3. Pour syrup over crackers, dot generously

with butter or margarine and sprinkle with cinnamon.

4. Cover with top crust. Trim and flute edges together. Cut slits in top crust to let steam escape.

5. Bake in a hot oven (425 degrees) 30 to 35 minutes, until crust is crisp and golden. Serve warm.

Yield: Six to eight servings. ■

Flogging the Dolphin

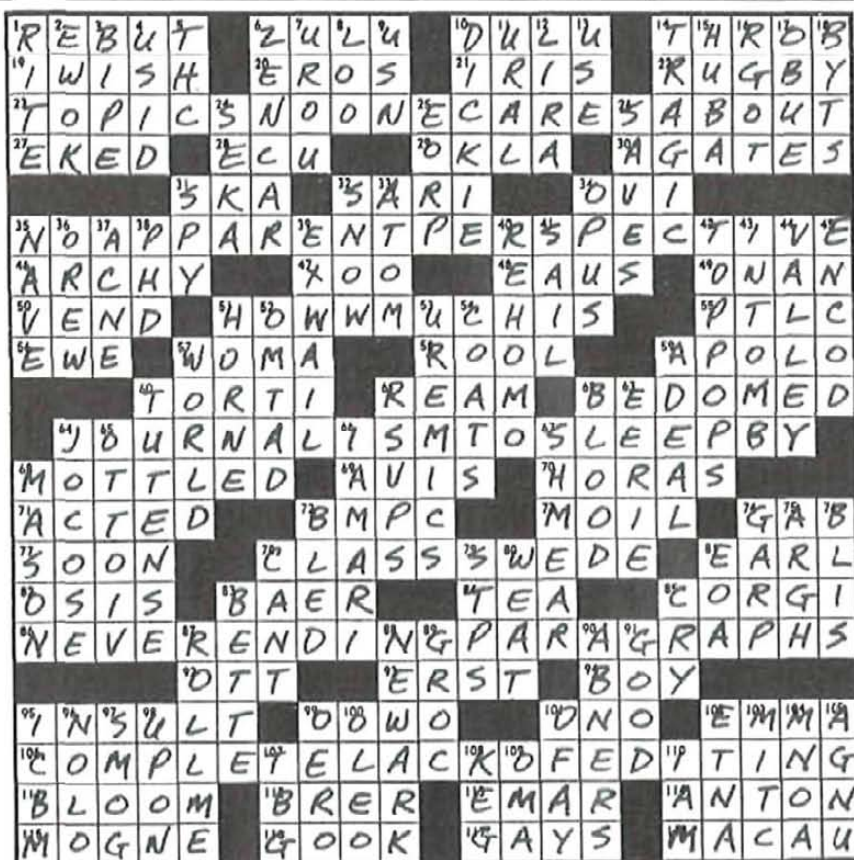
By Mitch Skyman / Puzzles Edited by Lech T. Maleska

ACROSS

- 1 Come back at
6 African tribesman
10 African tribesman: Var.
14 What 10 Down can do
19 "— I were dead"
20 Naughty things
21 Eye part
22 British sport
23 Ingredient for 64 Across
27 Worked in journalism
28 Really obscure French armament
29 "— homa!"
30 Variegated chalcedonies
31 Music "Times" readers don't listen to
32 Hindu garment
34 Some Latin prefix
35 See 23 Across
46 Veronica's friend: Var.
47 Tic-tac-toe position
48 Waters: Fr.
49 Biblical pervert
50 Sell
51 "— That Dogie in the Window?"
55 The — — lub
56 Expression of disgust
57 Museum of Modern Art:

Abbrev.

- 58 Majority —: Missp.
59 Negro theater: Var.
60 Turtles
61 Govern
62 Having a scalp
64 Formula for successful Sunday magazine
68 Like Tip O'Neill
69 With rara, overused crossword answer
70 Savage Jewish rituals
71 Emoted
72 I — (Big advertiser)
73 Witch doctor: Heb.
74 Machine fork
77 "— come": Marley
78 In school, token Scandinavian
81 Lower-class lubricant
82 Suffix from dead language
83 Broadcast pioneer Max
84 Hippies' "boo"
85 Royal dog
86 See 23 Across
92 Mel (for the 9,876th consecutive week)
88 Former: Arch.
84 Term of endearment:



- South.
95 Serve domestic wine to
99 Obscure Melville work
101 Obscure Melville work (weekly answer)
102 Boring heroine
106 See 23 Across
111 "— in Love" (Wrong)
112 Negro rabbit
113 Obscure Melville work
114 "Star Trek" 's Chekov
115 French-sounding
nonsense word
116 Asian: Colloq.
117 Rapers of 94 Across
118 City or parrot: Missp.

DOWN

- 1 Ceremony
2 Licensing creature
3 Present tense of biped
4 United States Interior Department: Abbrev.
5 Interesting chemical
8 "— and the Art of — Maintenance": Var.
7 Three vowels around a consonant
8 Pissoir: Br.
9 Military branch: Abbrev.
10 Penis: Dimin.
11 Word used here weekly
12 "MacNeil/ —" (Italian financial show)
13 Sleep with
14 Really, really sad
15 Expression of lust: Var.
16 Homonym for argot
17 "— hue hue"
18 Bacon, yam and tomato sandwiches, colloquially
24 Porn star
25 Burp sound: Var.
26 In hockey, good things
31 Errol Flynn, e.g.
32 "— or Never": Gershwin
33 Bomb material
34 Magnum — (Not P.I.)
35 Narthex to chancel
36 "Wero" backwards
37 Working-class skin ailment
38 "Times" writer prerequisite
39 Former cry (hyph.)
40 Turn gay again
41 Attack verbally
42 "— of the —"
43 Bury: Missp.
44 Depression
45 Place into fish
51 Negress Lena
52 Probably a word in some language
53 People with uremia
54 Pelts
57 My oyster
59 "Let's Make —": Hall
60 Change for a twenty: Var.
61 "Answer me, damn it": Fr.
62 Companion: Neg.
63 Canal-like
64 Like 68 Down
65 Holy Roman Emperor after Otto III
66 Famous Onassis statement
67 Treat with cream cheese
68 Hot comic Jackie
72 Lent money
74 Overrated character
75 Statement of displeasure
76 Chinese circumcision
78 Safire work
79 Racers' edges
80 "Where —?": Stallone query
81 Three of five vowels
83 Small wager
85 Emulate Muskie
87 Drunk's request
88 Hysterically funny city
89 "Dig": Var.
90 Lils
91 Affluent
95 Necessary defense component
96 Word for 105 Down
97 "The — comes in": Eliot (Misq.)
98 Conveniently voweled preposition
99 Upside-down cookie
100 Déclassé spread
101 See 94 Across
102 Insurance mountain: Var.
103 Phonetic
entertainer
Gaynor
104 Spoken, this makes an interesting sound
105 Recent Vice President: Var.
107 "— —uide," disease magazine
108 Fraternity powder holder
109 Obscure Melville work
110 "— what I am": Popeye

Solution to last week's puzzle appears on page 61. A new puzzle for your secretary to do while you think she's filing tomorrow and every weekday.

As reported in the Dayton Sun, Yakima Gazette, Salt Lake Observer, and others who sold us ad space

ROACH AWAY, the Roach Killer That Went to the Moon

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Commenting on a Soviet attempt to use a roach killer inside a live volcano, Mrs. Ann Mundy of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, said, "I'm sorry, but you must have the wrong number" three times more often than she said, "If you don't stop calling me, I'm going to phone the police."



Astronauts

Odorless, Great for Snacks

Peter Burns, holder of divinity degrees from seventeen individual correspondence schools, has been exonerated by the California State Supreme Court. Burns says, "Hell, they said it was a free country and I could sell snake oil in the back of magazines if I wanted to. Sure, boric acid is boric acid and you can get the stuff anywhere and it's all deadly to roaches, but my stuff is electrostatic, so if you want electrostatic boric acid, hey, you have to pay my price."

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CAGES

Continued from Page 63

their aquatic brothers and sisters. The boys paid 50 kopecks, and a tall, hairy woman handed them two honorary medals and an assortment of wooden clubs. The boys steadied themselves before the playful little seal pups and beat them senseless.

I was shocked, outraged and thoroughly disgusted. Imagine, 50 kopecks just to beat a seal. It was another planned-economy rip-off, and it reaffirmed my long-held belief that the Soviet Union—call it tasteless, grotesque or just anal retentive—is as brutal and vicious as my articles. I was beginning to understand why A. M. had sent me here, why the Zoopark was the perfect symbol of Soviet society, why I liked visiting men's rooms in socialist countries.

Olga patted little Nyet on the head and wiped off his bloodstained pants. It was then that I noticed that the animals looked a little drawn—underfed actually—and that they seemed to be protecting their food. I mentioned it to Andrei, and he rubbed his stubbly face before answering. "You see, Mr. Glib, tropical fruit and choice cuts of steak are hard to find in Moscow. Imagine that you wanted a banana and you saw a monkey eating one. How would you feel?"

I told him that where I worked, there were plenty of monkeys eating bananas, that despite Soviet intimidation, we still had Korean fruit stands all over town, that we could eat bananas as often as we liked, but that we'd never steal food from a zoo. He was hurt by my candor, my morally superior reasoning, and I could see that he was a sensitive man who'd never seen a filled fruit bowl.

The point, if it needs repeating, and I always think it does, is that the Russians are so uncivilized, so low, so encrusted with slime, that they are incapable of granting their animals a modicum of basic human rights.

They appear to be jeal-

ous of their animals, envious of their extravagant meals, their roomy cages and their sexual promiscuity. (Andrei showed me some photos—black-and-white snapshots of two monkeys in positions that made me shiver. He let me keep one.)

I was slipping the photo into my pocket when I saw something that brought tears to my eyes. It was a bald eagle, shackled to a fence. A crowd was taunting it, shouting obscenities, hurling piroshkis, tossing epithets. Ivan and Nyet joined in the disgusting chorus. I looked at Andrei. His eyes seemed to say yes—yes, this was a country of animals, predators, terrible hairy monsters, perverted ideologues, long lines and empty fruit bowls. I looked at him again, but he just turned his head away in shame. That was the last I saw of him.

I was livid with rage. I stormed past the Pepsi stand and fell into the outdoor seal pool. I was dripping with hatred. This was no zoo. This was a breeding ground for war. War, all-out war, the only thing the Soviets understand.

I thought of invasions. Afghanistan. Strategic warm-water ports. Soviet aquariums. Shark tanks. Electric shock treatment. Borscht-flavored ice cream. The Russians and their zoos.

I realized how much we had to protect our buffalo, defend them against Soviet poachers. They wanted our eagles, our tadpole communities, our gentle ecosystems, our automatic-garage-door technology, our cheerleaders, our topless bars, our Ginsu steak knives, our plastic flower beds, our piped-in music, our power tools: everything we stand for.

Finally, I stumbled onto the bear cage. There he was, the Great Russian Bear, trapped behind bars, sedated and impotent. I started laughing. I was laughing a proud laugh, a free laugh, an American laugh, and I knew I was laughing the last laugh. ■

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A L I V I N G

DREAM

Face it. You want reality, go ask your mother.

I HAD TO SNAP OUT OF IT. THE KIDS would be coming downstairs any minute, and they'd expect to find their breakfast on the table. I tried to smile as I filled the two glasses on the table with milk, but I had to bite my lip to stop the tears when seven-year-old Tommy scooted up to his chair at the kitchen table. I couldn't believe that this beautiful child was really my little boy. My mind gyrated with disbelief as his younger sister followed him to the table, still in her pajamas. I watched Tommy pour a bowl of cereal for little Cindy. My breathing became heavy. Were these adorable children really mine? My temples began to pulsate. My face grew flushed. Cindy looked up from her breakfast.

"Where's Daddy?" she asked.

A horrible sinking feeling took hold of me. I clung to the side of the kitchen counter with all my might to stop myself from falling over. The kitchen began swirling, and I had to shake my head to clear it. My heart pounded furiously.

"H-h-h-he's not u-up yet," I mumbled. I could barely hear the words dribble from between my lips. So many questions started racing through my

panic-stricken mind. Was I actually married to the man who had fathered my two children? I felt numb all over.

A hurried glance over my shoulder confirmed my worst fears. From the corner of my eye I could see his smiling face coming toward me. I began pushing furiously at the bacon with a fork, desperately trying to hide myself. But there was nowhere to turn, and I suddenly felt his fingers close on my arm.

"Let me go!" I screamed.

Kent jumped back, his mouth agape.

"What's the matter, honey?" he asked.

A cold sweat raced down my forehead, and my voice quivered with emotion. "Y-y-you st-startled me. . . ." I stuttered. I felt tears well up in my eyes as he kissed me good morning with a peck on the cheek. A chilling terror gripped my nerves. I just

First Strike regularly features the first in-print appearance of a budding humor writer. It's very likely that this person's career will really take off from here. But then again . . . Lindsay McKean works for a leading New York advertising agency.

couldn't believe that Kent Roberts, the best-looking man I'd ever laid eyes on, had married me—a typical plain Jane.

I lifted each piece of bacon from the frying pan, my hand trembling, and placed them on a paper towel to soak up the excess fat. I just couldn't understand what I had possibly done to deserve such a wonderful family. I still can't. I couldn't help wondering whether I would wake up one morning to discover that all my happiness was nothing more than a dream.

"I have to run, honey. I'm late," Kent said, taking a quick gulp from his coffee mug. He kissed me again before leaving, but I just couldn't face him. I shuddered when I heard the front door close. My head was spinning. I was on the verge of tears. Had I really been sleeping by my husband's side for eight years? My whole body was shaking. Was I the one cooking his breakfast every morning, washing his laundry, raising his children, and having his dinner on the table when he walked into the house after a hard day at the fast-food restaurant he managed? Suddenly, I heard a voice from across the room, and my heart almost jumped into my throat!



CHARL FX RUBENS

A LIVING DREAM

"Mommy, can I have some more?"

I caught my breath before glancing at the clock ticking above the stove. It was a quarter of eight.

"You two had better run upstairs and get dressed," I said. "The bus will be here any minute to take you to school. Hurry up!"

I tried to calm myself by bringing the dishes from the table to the sink, when suddenly I heard a bell ring. A tremor shot through me like an earthquake. Then I realized it was only someone at the front door. I struggled to control my fury as I opened the door. Peggy, my next-door neighbor and best friend, stood before me, holding an empty sugar bowl. She looked at my weary face.

"I just came over to borrow some confectioners' sugar," confided Peggy. "But you look pale as a ghost! What seems to be the trouble?"

I couldn't hold it in any longer. I was bursting at the seams, and the words poured out in a torrent of heartbreak.

"Everything's just too good to be true!" I sobbed. "What if this is all a dream? What if I'm really in a coma? What if I wake up to find that I'm nothing more than a vegetable in some hospital bed?"

"But you are," confided Peggy. "You've been hooked up to an IV unit and confined to a hospital bed with a twenty-four-hour nurse for the past eight years."

"I am? I have?"

"You sure are, honey, but that's no reason to turn your dream world into a nightmare."

Suddenly there was a loud honk, and I almost hit the ceiling.

"It's only the kids' school bus," assured Peggy.

I stood by the door, watching Tommy follow Cindy down the stairs. I kissed the kids goodbye and waved so long as the bus pulled out from the driveway.

I turned back to Peggy. "B-b-but I've always thought that a life unexamined is not worth living," I said.

"Well, that may be true on those dishwashing-liquid commercials, honey, but as Oscar Wilde said, 'Life is too important to waste time taking it seriously,' and take it from me, existence *always* precedes essence in my book."

"Gosh, I never thought of it that way before. I guess it's better to live out my dreams than to spend my time worrying about whether I may be woken up at any moment."

"Now you're talking! Maybe you

should try some de Beauvoir or Schopenhauer!"

"Gosh, I'd better not! Drinking probably got me into this mess in the first place!"

"Listen, honey, would you mind if I showed you something?"

"Do you think it will help?" I asked, inviting Peggy inside. I was ready for anything.

"That all depends. Do you have any rope?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Why sure, I bet Kent has some out in his workshop. I'll be back in a jiffy!"

Before Peggy could say Jack Spratt, I was handing her a coil of rope. She guided me over to the kitchen table, where she told me to lie down on my back. Then she took the rope and slipped it around my wrists and ankles, tying them firmly to the table legs. I couldn't begin to imagine what Peggy had in mind, and I admit I was getting a little suspicious, but anytime Peggy borrowed a cup of sugar, she made sure to replace it within a few days. I decided I was in good hands.

Well, Peggy knew what she was doing, all right. She circled around the kitchen table, making sure that the ropes were tied securely. Then she put her hands on my shoulders, leaned over, and looked closely into my eyes. Her lips suddenly fastened on mine, and her tongue probed deeply. I felt her hand rubbing over my blouse, gently caressing my titty. I thought I was going to die.

I started struggling to free myself, but Peggy had done a good job with the ropes. I just didn't know what to do, but it began to feel just heavenly. I hate to admit it, but I found myself beginning to enjoy it. I slowly felt Peggy's hands tear my blouse open, popping the buttons off one at a time, revealing my boobies. Peggy started tonguing me, and then her lips were working their way down to my tummy. My dress and slip were soon bunched around my waist, and Peggy was rubbing my . . . well, you know. My panties were all wet, and soon Peggy's tongue was working its way up my thighs, driving her face toward my girl parts. I could feel her soft tongue nibbling gently and, ooohh, my back arched, and I was moaning, and, oh gosh, it was wonderful, and I was quivering and panting and bucking like crazy. I suddenly felt a terrific explosion between my legs that was just marvelous, and Peggy stayed with me, tonguing me as I fell into a lulling trance.

My eyes were still closed, but I could

feel Peggy saddling herself on top of me, slowly propping herself up, walking on her knees, sliding herself up to my shoulders. There was a sudden crash, and something heavy fell on top of my face. It felt as if someone had just covered my mouth with a damp mop. My eyes popped wide open, only to discover that Peggy wasn't wearing anything under her skirt.

"Mmmgghpmp! Mmmgllpgllh!" I yelled, and Peggy immediately fell back off my mouth and back on top of me, her legs flailing over my shoulders.

"Get off of me!" I yelled, tossing my head back and forth against the pillow. "Wait a minute! What's this pillow doing here? What's going on?" My eyes darted quickly around the kitchen, only to find that I wasn't in the kitchen at all, that I was in a room that was very white and stark. "Where the heck am I?" I screamed.

"Nurse! What do you think you're doing?" came a voice from across the room. A doctor ran across the floor, a stethoscope dangling around his neck, his white lab coat flapping behind him, to find a plump middle-aged nurse lying spread-eagled on top of me with her legs wrapped around my head and wearing a huge wall painting around her neck. When he got halfway across the room, he froze in his tracks, pointed a finger of disbelief at me, and shouted, "It's a miracle! She's snapped out of it!"

"D-doctor, it was an accident, I swear!" pleaded the nurse, trying to get up off me. "I was j-just standing on the b-bed, trying to straighten the painting on the wall, and I fell. I didn't mean any h-harm . . ."

"No need for apologies, Nurse—not when you've just made a medical breakthrough!"

"My darling!" came a voice from the door, and a handsome man came running toward me, his arms outstretched, followed by two of the cutest little girls I'd ever seen and a gorgeous cocker spaniel.

"Mommy! Mommy!" cheered the girls. "You woke up!"

They all raced to hug me, and Sparky—that's the cocker spaniel—leaped up on the bed and started licking my face. I didn't know what to think, but the next thing I knew, we were on the way home in our station wagon. Roger's a terrific guy and a wonderful husband, Wendy and Suzie are just adorable, and, well, we all love Sparky, but to tell you the truth, I still think something kooky's going on. ■

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

Sirs:

It's been scientifically proven that pets are bad for you. They encourage you to eat. You wake up at four in the morning, stagger toward the bathroom, and the dog follows you down the hall, trying to lead you into the kitchen: "Hey, let's get rid of that left-over tuna. C'mon, you know it'll get all brown and dried up by morning."

So pets really are bad for you, and that's why we should kill them.

Society for the Abuse of
Anthropomorphism
Gravytrain, Wis.

Sirs:

Do you know what Michael Jackson and Richard Pryor have in common? They're both rich niggers.

Billy Joe White
Catch a Rising Good Ol' Boy
San Antonio, Tex.

Sirs:

I made the mistake of throwing my underpants in the washing machine with my red bowling shirt, and when they came out they were pink! Pink! Christ, can you imagine what people would think if they saw me prancing around in pink underwear? Fortunately it was jockstrap night at the baths and I could check them at the door.

Joe Mahoney
Ansonia Baths

Sirs:

One of my favorite things is popping the plastic that comes in boxes for appliances. A number of my friends enjoy this wonderful pastime too, so we've formed a group. It's called the Plastic Poppers of Pittsburgh. Once a week we get together to pop plastic. I think that if everybody in the world popped plastic, we would never have a nuclear war.

Kathy Simmons
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sirs:

I work in a paper-clip factory, and I'd just like to warn you that I've been sabotaging shipments of paper clips. I just let a whole bunch go by that weren't even bent—they were just straight pieces of wire. I'd like to see some businessmen try to hold an important report together with one of those!

Art Ecksberg
The Clip-Rite factory

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 89)

Like all the finer things in life,
what you get out of it
depends on what you put into it.



Roll your own, It's e-z.

Yes, I want to roll my own the e-z way with Joker and e-z wider. Please send me the following item(s). I understand that you will refund my money if I am not completely satisfied. I certify that I am at least 18 years of age.

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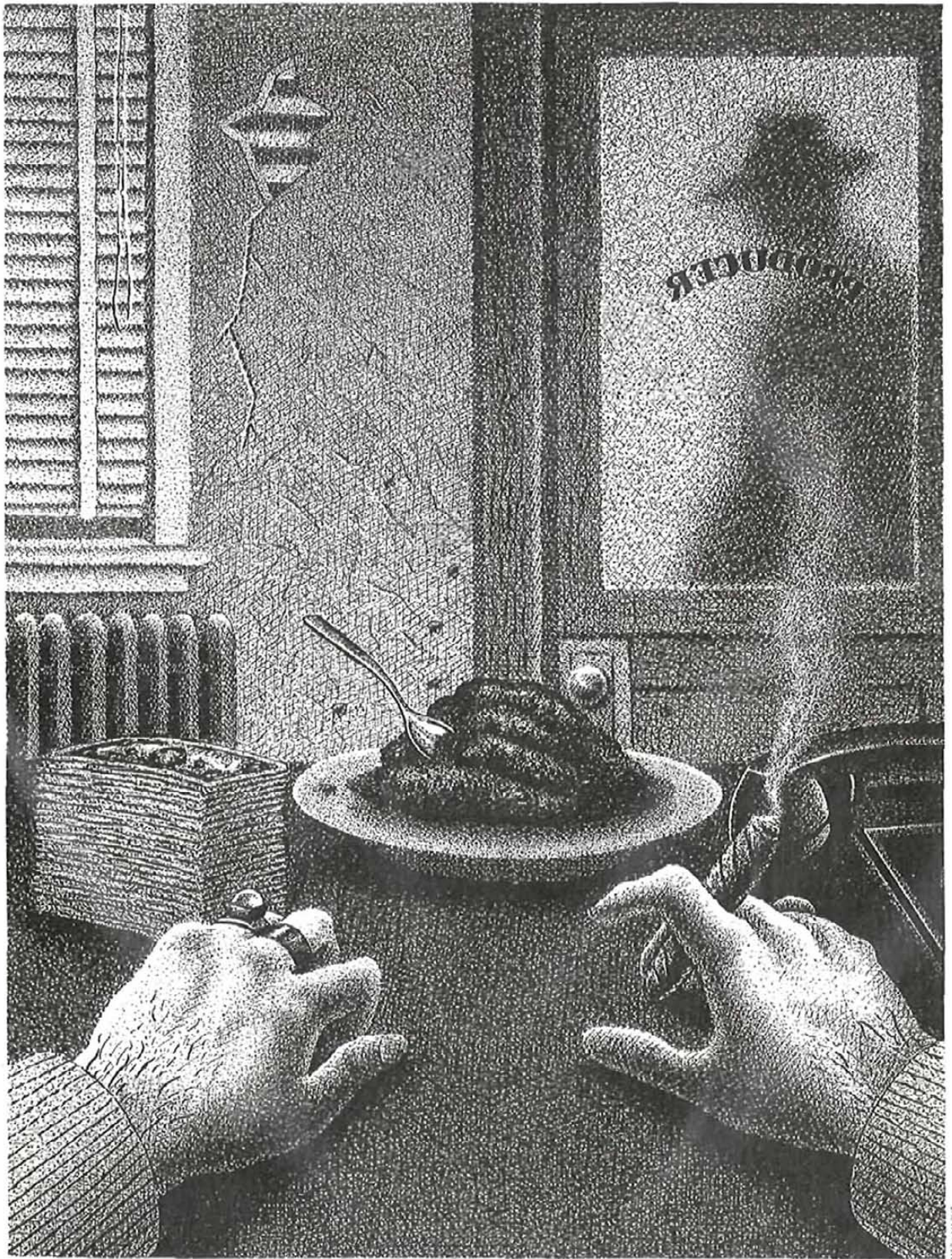
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BY WARREN LEIGHT

FAREWELL, MY DIGNITY

On Ninth Avenue, no one can hear you scream.

IT IS ONE THING TO BE A SCREENWRITER in Hollywood and be called in to do a draft of *48 Hrs.* or a rewrite on *Tootsie*. The pay is good, the working conditions better than most writers will see in a lifetime. It is like being an internist who specializes in diseases of the rich.

It's quite another thing to be given forty-eight hours to write a third-generation rip-off of *Tootsie*. Things are different in the low-budget filmmaking ghettos of New York, in neighborhoods like Hell's Kitchen, the Bowery, and the Hudson River piers. This is the land of the B's: home to the outcasts and the never-going-to-make-its, the flotsam and jetsam.

This is a world of truly horrid horror movies, tits-and-ass comedies, ac-

tion-adventure-molestation flicks—all shot for under a million dollars. It is a world built on foreign investment, borrowed money, and laundered cash.

In this world, the race seldom goes to the quick: successful independents are most often *not* trendsetters. Instead, they wait, timing their entrance to around the time a fad is beginning to peter out. When the market is just

***But Seriously, Folks* . . . is a regular feature presenting the experiences of people who work at the business of being funny. Every word is true. The names have been changed, for obvious reasons. Warren Leight is the author of the *I Hate New York Guidebook*, and more exploitation films than he cares to admit.**

about saturated, they pounce. They rush to be the first ones in on the *last* wave of horror films, Valley girl films, high school sex comedies.

A writer enters this world because he needs experience, or he needs the little money it offers. After a while, the "community" gets to know you and the work comes to you.

It starts with a phone call. They got your name from someone. Like an easy girl at a bar, like a cheap date in a small town, your number gets passed around. They speak in one of two voices. Either they feign total calm, which is a really bad sign, or they bark.

MY LAST CALL WAS A BARKER. HE MUST have gargled with glass before he dialed.

FAREWELL, MY DIGNITY

He got right to the point. "Look, we're working on a movie here and we need some writing. We were hoping you could maybe find the time to drop by . . . now."

The guy was up front. I knew whom I was dealing with, and I knew I'd better get paid in cash.

I scribbled the address down on a piece of paper. I ignored the company's name—the odds were fifty to one against its being on the door. It would never be listed in the lobby's office directory.

THE OFFICE WAS AT THE END OF A FADED green hallway. The usual surroundings: two rooms, one secretary, one telex, six company letterheads.

A front.
I liked that. I'd never worked for a film company that wasn't a front for something else, a cover. A small operation pretending it was big; a big operation pretending it was small. The guy beyond the secretary's office looked right. Fifty-eight-year-old face that belonged to Jack Carter. Good suntan in the dead of winter. Manicured nails. Seven-hundred-dollar pinstriped suit, sixty-dollar pinstriped shirt, with white collar; collar open to reveal hairy neck and a discreet gold chain.

The guy behind the desk started talking.

"We're sitting on a gold mine here. You know what that is—a gold mine?"

It's a mine filled with gold."

I nodded. I knew what that was, a gold mine. The producer threw a plastic fork full of tuna into his mouth, then he leaned back into his chair. I knew what was coming.

"Kid, I like you. Don't ask me why, I like you. I'm gonna give you the chance of a lifetime. I'll give it to you in one word. One word. Sperm."

"Sperm?"

"Sperm. See, this girl is the daughter of a cosmetic executive. Like the Revlons or something. Only the thing is, she has horrible skin. Her whole life. Horrible skin."

"That's too bad." I was trying to show concern.

"Yeah, well, anyway, suddenly her skin starts to clear up. Zits, the works. She's turning into a princess. No one knows why, at first, but she figures it out."

The producer paused here for effect. I moved to the edge of my seat.

"Sperm. She figures out that sperm is what's clearing her skin up. Now the thing is, how does she figure that out? Is she going down on someone, or what have you? That to me is where the writing challenge is here. How do you show the way the girl figures out that it's sperm that clears up her skin?"

There was another pause. I didn't want to give it away for free. He figured that out and picked up again.

"I know what you're thinking, but it won't work. This is not that kind of

movie. This is a general release, an R-rated picture. This has to be handled tastefully, very tastefully. You have to find a tasteful way to show it. After that, it's just a series of hilarious episodes, each one funnier than the next."

"Uh-huh."

"If you handle it right, it's gonna be big. We're sitting on another *Tootsie*. Bigger."

The producer tossed a two-week-old copy of *Variety* at me.

"Look at that: *Tootsie*. A hundred million dollars in sixty days. With what? A guy in drag? Where's the humor? A guy dresses up as a girl? This . . . this is gold: a girl discovers semen clears up her skin. She has to tell her conservative parents about her discovery. Maybe they live in a mansion. I don't want to write it for you, but I see a mansion. She tells them, and then they gotta market it before someone else does. It's gold."

"Gold."

"Like *Tootsie*. Maybe she has a boyfriend, like whaddya call it, that *Amie Hall* kind of thing. She's in a relationship. Or two guys at once. Like in a French movie. I'm not a writer per se, but I'm very creative and I can see that kind of thing. The thing is how to show her discovering this thing. After that . . . guys lining up to donate. Admen pitching it. It writes itself."

The phone rang again. I looked over my notes: "Sperm . . . handled tastefully."

I told him I would think it over. He said to me, "What's to think over?"

THERE IS A MACHO ETHIC AMONG THOSE who crew for the low-budget filmmakers. It is a tough, union-less world. Producers exploit the pool of young kids eager to break in. When you meet another victim, you say stuff like "I've worked for the biggest cocksuckers in the business." Or "I've worked for every cocksucker in the business." Or, most popularly, "There isn't a cocksucker I can't work for."

But to really prove you belong, to show you're a *real* masochist, you say, "I've worked for Trauma—twice."

Trauma is a company that makes an R-rated, tits-and-ass comedy about every nine months. It produces for the summertime circuit, and it operates on budgets about a twentieth of a Hollywood low-budget feature. It produces whether it has a script, a set, or actors.

There is a philosophy, a trademark style in a Trauma comedy: they keep the screen busy. It is not enough to



"Miss Reed, could you please bring me a palm tree and some ragged clothes?"

FAREWELL, MY DIGNITY

have a pie thrown in somebody's face. The pie must be thrown in the face of a midget. The person throwing the pie must have big breasts. After she throws the pie, her blouse must pop half open. This display must cause a goofy man to drop a case of live chickens' that scatter everywhere.

It is a kitchen-sink approach to comedy that does not trouble itself with story line, character, or continuity. If something doesn't make sense, you rework it in the editing room. You "fix it in the mix."

WORKING FOR TRAUMA, I'VE WRITTEN three screenplays and several polishes. Including my participation in the profits, I may have grossed \$2,500. In L.A. this would be known as tip money.

It started four years ago. A writing partner of mine, Don, was working on the third draft of a film called *Fast Food Girls!* They'd given him a week to write it. When he brought it in, they told him that his script stank. That he would never work in this town again. That his next draft had better be funny. Don called me from the Trauma office. He told me he was offering me the chance of a lifetime—a chance to work on a

film that would definitely be made.

Their office was on the third floor of an old brownstone in the neighborhood called Hell's Kitchen. No one heard the bell ring, so I shouted up. Someone on the second floor opened a window and threw a double "A" battery at me. Finally someone buzzed me in.

It was a walk-up. Once inside I saw Lenny, the head of Trauma and a thirty-five-year-old Yale grad. He walked by me on the way to his office. I told him that someone from the floor below had thrown a battery at me. He says, "You want me to call the police? We'll tell them 'assault with battery.'"

He walked into his office and shut the door. As it closed, I heard him say to his partner, "I'm paying these schmucks to write and I come up with lines like that."

I said hello to Don. He was a wreck. He hated the project. A secretary gave me the script to read. They kept us waiting about forty-five minutes. Finally we were ushered into the inner office.

The walls were checkerboarded with movie posters of seemingly every B movie made in the last ten years. There

were big-breasted women pointing Magnums, serving food, and playing softball in wet T-shirts. Titles ranged from *Gettin' Some* to *Tight End*.

Pleasantries over before they began, Lenny and his partner, Mitch, started to review the situation. They sat behind desks in chairs that faced each other. Don and I sat in hard straight-backed chairs, monkeys in the middle. The last time I'd seen an office setup like that, it had been in a movie about the Gestapo. You had to whip your neck back and forth to follow the partners' harangues.

Lenny went first. "We start shooting in ten days. You've read the script?" "Yeah. Glanced at it, anyway."

"It's a piece of shit, isn't it?" This part of the meeting had to be handled delicately. I had been called in to resuscitate a patient that we all knew to be in bad shape. The situation demanded a little bedside manner.

"Gee, I think it's, you know, a funny idea, this waitress stuff . . . especially the part about the horse that gets loose in the dining room and causes chaos and a food fight and makes the waitresses' blouses pop open . . . but you really don't have much beyond sight

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FAREWELL, MY DIGNITY

gags here. I can't tell one character from another. You could give any line of dialogue to any actor in the script and it wouldn't change the movie."

By now I realized I was burying myself, but I couldn't stop.

"Hell, you could rearrange the pages in random order and the script wouldn't really be harmed. But the gags, I think the gags are all... real gags, all right."

No one said anything after I finished. After a minute Lenny said, "Yeah, well, we think it needs more gags."

It was like saying the Three Stooges needed a little more physical shtick.

Mitch broke in. "You could put in a little of that character motivation shit if you want. With that waitress who wants to be an actress."

"Which one?"

"Anne, or Betty, even Sue. Doesn't matter. Maybe she and her boyfriend could have, like, a relationship. You know, an *Annie Hall* kind of thing. She's—make her a WASP, make him a little ethnic, bang—they got a relationship."

Lenny picked up on this. "Relationships are very important to us. We believe in relationships."

Mitch nodded. "We believe in family. And love."

I nodded. I'd always been impressed with their concern for family. I tried not to look at the posters on the wall.

"Now, that restaurant thing," Lenny said. "That food fight could go much farther... like, ah, *National Lampoon's Animal House*."

The two launched into a wish list. When it was over, my notebook read like a grad-school course in the history of comedy. They wanted funny mobsters, like in *Some Like It Hot*; a crowded-room scene, like the Marx Brothers; a wordplay scene, like Abbott and Costello; the victory of the underdog, like Judy Holliday; a detective, like William Powell; another detective, like Toody in *Car 54*. They wanted excitement, like *Raiders of the Lost Ark*; action, like *Rocky*; a little Richard Pryor; a little Burt Reynolds swashbuckling stuff. They wanted all this and more.

Lenny summed up. "But the important thing is that the film must be absolutely original."

Their wish list over, Lenny and Mitch got down to basics. The guidelines shot back and forth between the partners. I just kept taking notes:

"Just a few things... don't write complicated. Don't give anyone a speech over three or four words—you wouldn't believe what we get for actors."

"Also, no jokes that require a good sense of comic timing."

"And remember, it's low-budget. Make your humor come from brand-name products that we can promote."

"We got the free use of a bus for the shoot, so make sure you write a bus into the movie. And the name of the bus line has to be clearly shown, and a character has to mention it."

"Also, we need a Dunkin' Donuts joke, a Schaefer beer joke, a Canon Copier joke, and a Jack LaLanne Health Spa joke."

"And don't get puritan on us. We're famous for our tit shots. The secret is we don't let the crew giggle on the set; giggling makes the actresses nervous."

"One last thing—don't make it too intellectual. Not like your last film."

My last film had been *Mother's Day*, a horror movie the *New York Times* had called the work of "anti-talent."

I looked over my notes. They resembled a shopping list more than dramaturgy.

Don, who was by now completely in shock, led the way out. We slouched our way uptown and locked ourselves in his apartment for four days.

We began to exhibit signs of depression. We talked about how comedy was supposed to come from character, or plot, or somewhere. We talked about how little money we were making. We ordered in plates of Chinese food. We flirted with the idea of handing in a good script. They'd kill us.

We added gags. Hundreds of gags.

Every time a waitress came to a table, we threw in an old vaudeville joke: What's this fly doing in my soup? What's this splinter doing in my cottage cheese?

If a customer asked for French wine, we had the waitress respond by whining in French. Quality stuff.

We remembered that the movie was supposed to titillate Dad at the same time it amused the kiddies. We threw a big-breasted woman in at the bottom of every page. Just had her walk across the set. We got a little punch-drunk.

We turned the script in to Lenny's typist, an NYU film major. She spent all day and all night typing the 120-page script. For free.

The next morning, Lenny called us for a meeting. Before we went in, Don and I reminded each other we were going to be tough. We weren't going to take any abuse.

There was no small talk this time. Lenny and Mitch were poised as we entered. As usual, they took turns:

"You two hosed us. It's all over town. You hosed us."

"You call this a script? It's bullshit. You hosed us. Everyone in town is

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 80)

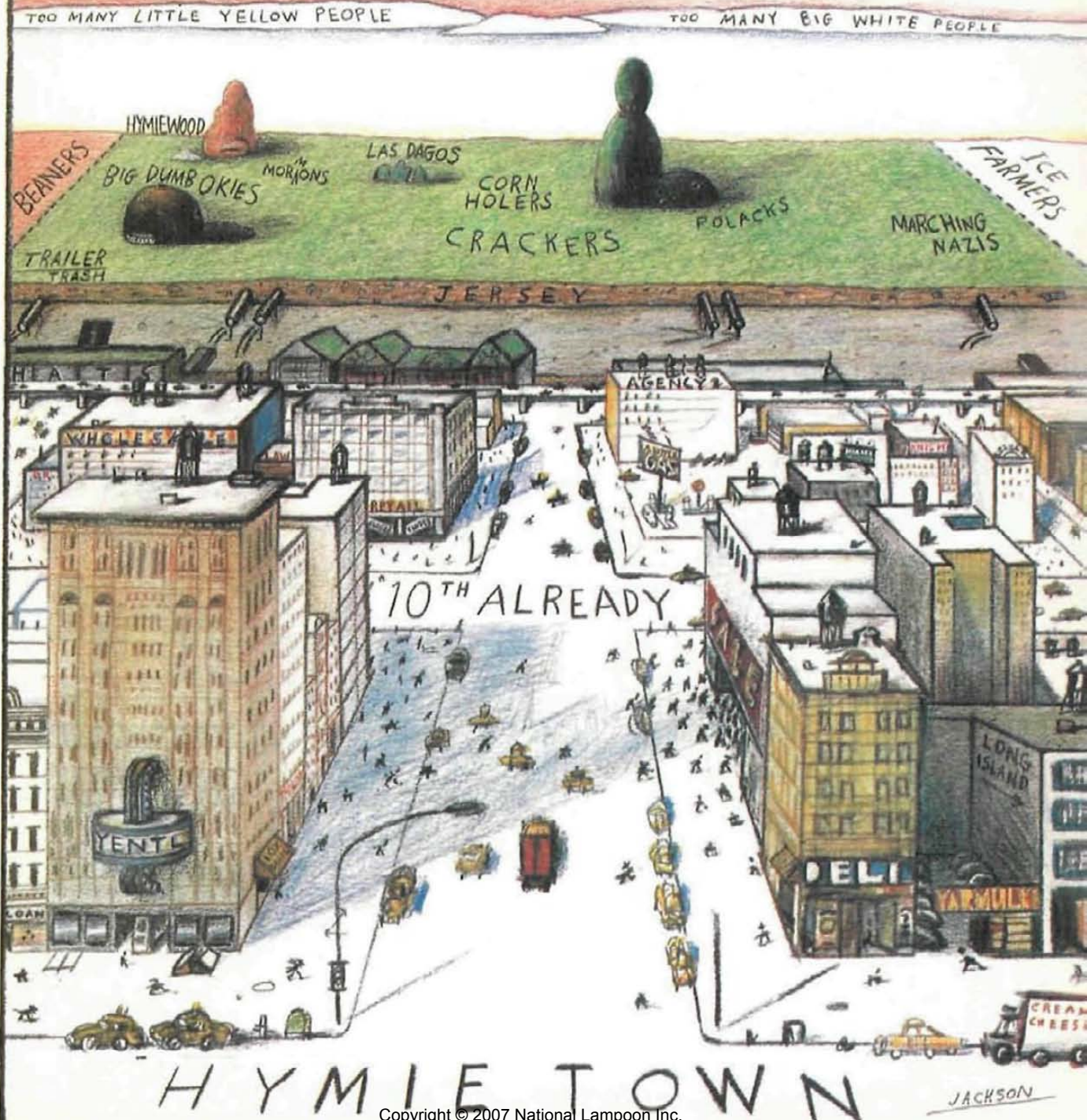


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FAREWELL, MY DIGNITY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76)
laughing at us."

"You make fun of us, you think we don't know. It's bullshit. You hosed us."

Lenny picked up the script and randomly read a line out loud: "Miss, can you bring us a French wine?" That's comedy? Forgive me, but "Miss, can you bring us a French wine?" That's funny?"

Don was hyperventilating. I made a halfhearted attempt to deal with Lenny. "Lenny, that's the setup line. The next line is supposed to be the funny one. That line only sets the joke up."

Lenny magnanimously turned the page and read the punch line. "Okay, but what about this line?"

Again I reminded him to read the punch line. He was unshamed. "Look, this is comedy, you can't have lines that aren't funny. Too many setups here."

He read a little more and said, "Look, page 87, you got the girl asking a question, then no one answers her, then she responds. What is that?"

I told him the typist, perhaps in a rush to type the script, had inadvertently left out a line. I told him it could easily be remedied. He snapped. He called the typist up and started screaming before she answered the phone.

"Lydia, I have my writers here. My writers have been working very hard to get this script ready and then you fuck it up. You fuck up their script. These are sensitive people. My writers are sensitive! You can't fuck them like this. You said you could type—what do I tell them? They're working so hard and we can't even type their script? These are the talent, Lydia. Talent must be treated like royalty on a film. Like royalty."

He hung up and turned his attention back to us.

"I don't care what you say. You're hosing me. You sons of bitches, you turned in a piece of shit. What's with all these bare-breasted women you added at the bottom of every page? When the actresses see that, they're gonna think we're making porno."

Someone walked into the office. An investor? A partner? The guy shrugged his shoulders and said, "So?"

Lenny said, "It's a hundred times better. Funny, funny stuff. I'm breaking up as I'm reading it. Terrific."

The guy was relieved but still hesitant. "I'd kind of like a little more pre-production time," he said. "Maybe work with the leads on the story."

"What's the big deal? So you're

gonna direct? We get a couple of people, tell them they're actors. You put them up front of a camera. You push them around. A bing, a bang, and a boom, a month later we got a movie."

"I just thought that—"

"What are you—an artiste!?" This last was said with such contempt that Lenny had to slug the bile back down his throat after uttering "artiste." The director-to-be reacted like a schoolchild who'd just been called a "faggot" for the first time.

"I'm no fucking artiste. Who was the one who talked to the actors on the last picture?"

"Don't call me an artiste." Lenny was livid. "You're the one who's worried about character motivation."

"I just don't want to come in every morning at six and work fifteen hours on a movie I don't believe in."

"So what's the trauma? You want to sleep late? I'll direct from six A.M. to nine A.M. You come in at nine, tell the people where to stand for the rest of the day."

The director was no better at standing up to the Trauma onslaught than we were. He folded like origami.

"Well, if you're sure the script's good," he said.

"It's terrific."

The director faded out. Lenny turned to us.

"You'd better get this piece of shit into shape, or you'll never work in this town again."

We brought in a rewrite about three days later. According to our contract, we were now finished. Lenny bullied us into doing one more polish. Then another, and another.

This was standard. You got half your money up front, half upon completion. Unfortunately, the employer defined "completion." This meant I'd often end up writing lines moments before actors were to speak them. I'd keep telling myself, just a few more days. Just a few more days.

Just when it would seem over, a chicken factory would agree to let them shoot scenes on its property. I'd have to make the computer programmer a poultry deliveryman. Or a softball team would have to be turned into a football team. Or fast-food waitresses would be changed to French restaurant waitresses, then stewardesses, then fast-food waitresses again. An actor would walk, I'd have to reassign his lines. Chase scenes written for nighttime would have to be switched to daytime—this would have a tendency to lessen the shock value of car head-

lights suddenly flashing on.

Lenny called our fourth polish the final one. Shooting had begun, and the typist was now doubling as the caterer, the wardrobe assistant, and the prop assistant. She would not be able to stay up all night typing rewrites because she had to stay up all night burning coffee and striking sets.

Lenny accepted our final draft, skimmed it in seconds, and said, "Neither of you will ever work in this town again."

To Lenny this was the equivalent of a farewell embrace.

FAST GOOD GIRLS! CAME OUT SEVERAL months later, riding in on the last wave of *Animal House*-inspired food fight films. To everyone's shock, the film received a few good reviews. An unusual occurrence on Ninth Avenue. Unfortunately, in a moment of integrity, I had taken my name off the *Fast Food Girls!* credits after having viewed it in rough cut.

Trauma also devised a nice exploitative advertising campaign. By the time the film opened, movies about older women schooling young boys in the ways of love had become big. Therefore, all ad copy was amended to read "FAST FOOD GIRLS! . . . You're never too young to learn." The line had nothing to do with anything in the film, but apparently it didn't hurt box office. Trauma reported to *Variety* that the movie was a smash. They claimed that the picture, which had cost less than a half million to make, grossed over fifteen million dollars.

About a year later, they sent me a profit check for three hundred dollars. The word was that they had sent similarly small checks to members of their own family who had worked on the film. Except for Lenny's sister—she had been fired during the shoot.

ALL OF MY TRAUMA EXPERIENCE RAN through my mind as I paced Times Square, wrestling with the sperm offer. The money was finally getting good, but I had the feeling there would be a few catches.

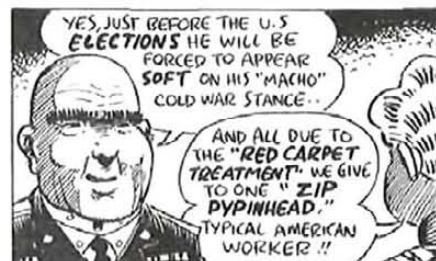
I called the sperm guy back.

"Yeah . . . look, I've thought it over. I know it's the chance of a lifetime . . . but I've decided . . . I've decided I'll never work in this town again."

I hung up. All around me were movie marquees for stroke films, kung fu flicks, splatter movies, cheap jiggle comedies.

I breathed the dirty, diesel-filled air. I felt clean. I felt free. ■

FUNNY PAGES



ZIPPY ARRIVES IN RED SQUARE AMID WORLDWIDE MEDIA COVERAGE --

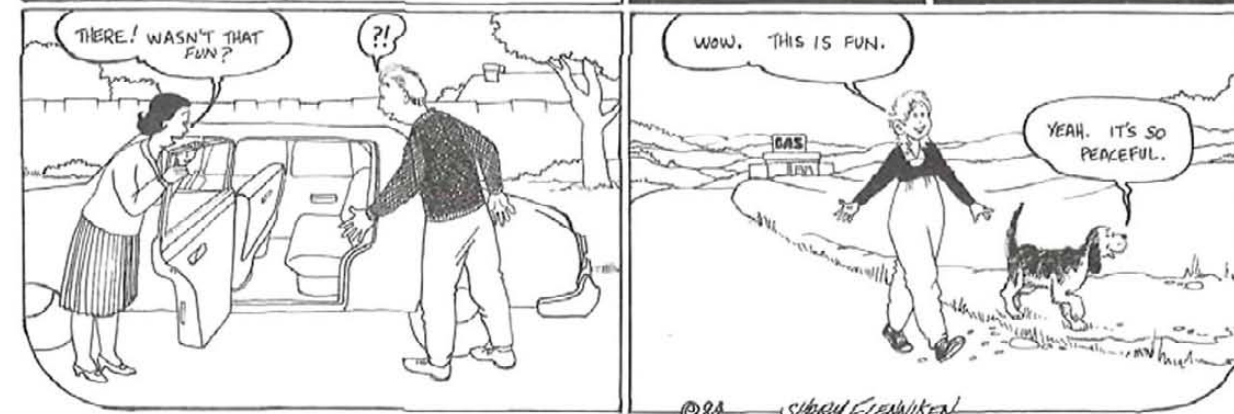
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HE'S CHANGED HIS STYLE! HE'S RUNNING WITH HIS KNEES TOGETHER!

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HE'S DEAD! SOME KIND OF INTERNAL INJURY.

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WHO PUT THE FIRECRACKER UP YOUR ASS??!

THEY SHOW UP WHEREVER YOU GO. TALKING WITH THEM IS ALWAYS ONE-SIDED.

YOU KNOW WHO ELSE HAD SMELLY FEET? SAMMY SPEAR. JUST ROTTEN. I ONCE HAD ORCHESTRA SEATS TO THE GLEASON SHOW, AND WHEW!!

THEY'RE NEVER INTERESTED IN YOU - ONLY IN THEMSELVES.

I'M HAVING BOTH FEET CUT OFF AT 2:30.

YES. WELL, I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT MY EIGHTH ENCOUNTER WITH SAMMY SPEAR...

SOMETIMES YOU JUST HAVE TO TELL THEM THE TRUTH:

DON'T GET ME WRONG, BUT I DON'T WANT TO TALK TO YOU ANYMORE.

MIMI POND GIRL REPORTER "CUPID WEARS SUNGLASSES"

THE DOORBELL WOKE ME FROM THE SLEEP OF THE DEAD...



WHO COULD IT BE, AT THIS HOUR-AND IN MY CONDITION? I HAD DRAGGED SOME PUBLISHING GROUPIE HOME AFTER TOO MANY SAMBUCAS AT ELAINE'S NIGHT BEFORE. HE-OR IT-WAS STILL COMATOSE IN MY BED...



IMAGINE MY SURPRISE.

JACQUELINE ONASSIS?!

HELLO, DEAR. I'M ON MY VISITING ROUNDS. TOMMY TUNE TOLD ME TO LOOK YOU UP. HE SAYS YOU'RE JUST PRECIOUS.



WELL, WHAT COULD I DO?

C-COME IN... I'M SO SORRY IT'S SO MESSY-OH, I MUST LOOK AWFUL.

THINK NOTHING OF IT. LOOK, I'VE BROUGHT YOU A LITTLE HOSTESS GIFT-SOME SHERRY! SHALL WE OPEN IT? IT'S ALMOST NOON.



AT FIRST, OF COURSE, IT WAS A LITTLE AWKWARD...

THIS MUST BE WHERE YOU...WORK.



...BUT THEN I DISCOVERED THAT JACKIE AND I HAD A GREAT DEAL IN COMMON.

MEN! DEAR, I COULD TELL YOU STORIES-NEVER MARRY A GREEK-THEY'RE ANIMALS-TIMMY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



THERE WAS A PREGNANT SILENCE UNTIL TIMMY MADE HIS EXIT.

WELL, I GUESS I'LL BE LEAVING NOW...



IT TURNS OUT JACKIE HAD BEEN AROUND THE BLOCK A COUPLE OF TIMES HERSELF. SHE DISHED OUT SOME BADLY NEEDED ADVICE TO THIS GIRL REPORTER. LOOKS LIKE I'VE MADE FRIENDS WITH A PRETTY NIFTY BABE.

DARLING, DIDN'T YOU KNOW EVERY WOMAN AT DOUBLE DAY HAS BEEN THROUGH HIM? HE'S A SLUT-HIS PHONE NUMBER IS ON THE POWDER ROOM WALL AT THE 'NEW YORK POST'!



NOW, DON'T CRY-HAVE SOME MORE SHERRY. YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN WORKING WITH MICHAEL JACKSON ON HIS BOOK AND-SUCH A LOVELY BOY, BUT HE NEEDS... WELL, SOMEONE... STRONG-SOMEONE LIKE YOU, DEAR. AND I HAVE A PLAN...



NEXT MONTH: I MADE A MAN OUT OF MICHAEL JACKSON!

RAY AND JOE
THE STORY OF A MAN
AND HIS DEAD FRIEND

THE STORY:
RAY'S DEAD FRIEND JOE
IS KIDNAPPED FOR \$5000
RANSOM. RAY REFUSES TO
PAY AND AS A CONSEQUENCE
HE HAS BEEN RECEIVING
PACKAGES CONTAINING
PIECES OF JOE'S ANATOMY.

HE HAS RECEIVED YET
ANOTHER PACKAGE
AND IS ABOUT TO OPEN IT.



I LIVE IN THE NEXT
APARTMENT AND I HEARD
YOUR OUTBURST ABOUT A
FOOT WITH A NOTE ATTACHED
AND YOU REFERRED TO IT AS
"A FOOTNOTE..."

THAT'S THE WORST PUN I'VE EVER
HEARD! YOU CANNOT EXPECT TO
MAKE AN OUTRAGEOUS PUN LIKE
THAT WITH IMPUNITY.

HELLO, POLICE DEPARTMENT?
I JUST KILLED A MAN! HE
MADE A TERRIBLE PUN—LET
ME TELL YOU WHAT HE SAID...

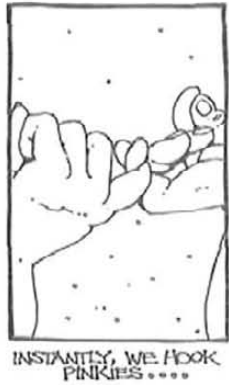
...AND THEN HE SAID, "IT'S A FOOTNOTE."
NOW I WANT TO TURN MYSELF IN. I'M AT
222 WEST—



CRIPPLED

RICK GEARY
©1984

THIS MONTH:
MAKE A WISH!



THE MANY AND HEROIC
ADVENTURES OF

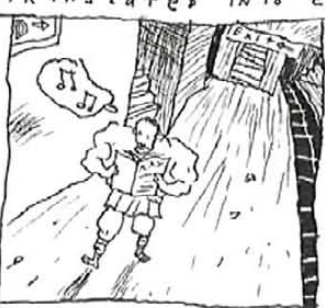
HERCULES

MCMLXXXIV



TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY MR. MAREK

according to legend...



MIGHTY HERCULES,
LOST IN THE
WANDERING PASSAGES



THE TUNNELS GROW EVER DARKER
AND MORE WINDING



ACHILLES BE DAMNED, I KNOW THIS PLACE... IT'S THE
LABYRINTH OF THE MINOTAUR!



As the beast dies amidst hell-spawned flames,
Hercules hears the piercing cries of all
former victims of the MINOTAUR, and
he knows that they are thankful to be
free at last from its terrible clutches





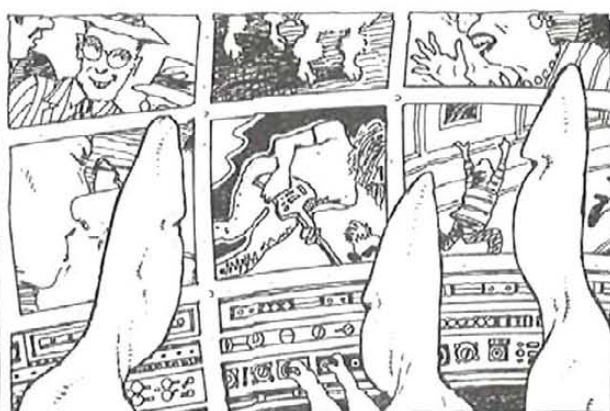
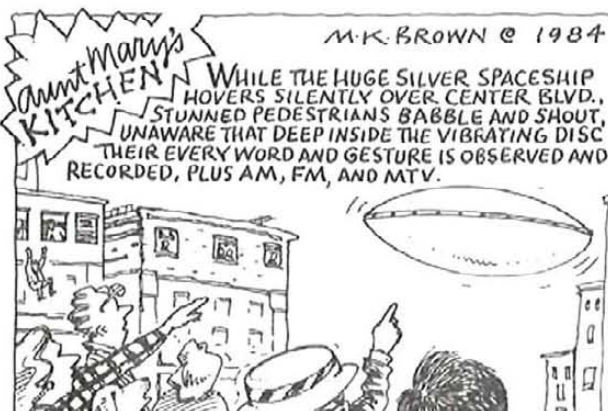
THERE'S A PART FOR A DRIVER IN MY NEXT MOVIE.



HERE! TAKE YOUR FUCKING MONEY, AND DO ME A FAVOR: DON'T PICK ME UP AGAIN UNTIL YOU'VE HAD YOUR TEETH FIXED!



NEXT MONTH: JACKIE SIGNS AN AUTOGRAPH



NEXT MONTH: DEJA VU

THE CRITICS ARE RAVING!

"It'll turn your stomach!"

—*Journal of American Internists*

"Shocking!"

—*Stephen King*

"I can't believe anyone would be low enough to publish anything like that!"

—*Larry Flynt*

"Sets cartoons back a thousand years."

—*King Zog of Albania*

"Aww—ugh—uh!"

—*Alistair Cooke*

"I kinda liked it."

—*John Hinckley, Jr.*

"This is the last straw. Now they've gone too far."

—*Al Fatah Gazette*

Listen, when people like that get that excited over a new book, can they all be wrong?

More than one hundred of the funniest, most tasteless cartoons ever created. The products of the warped minds of some of America's most overpaid cartoonists, cartoons that—as the title says—not even the *National Lampoon* would publish in its magazine.

Here they are in their own special edition. Available at newsstands or bookstores of taste or by sending in the coupon below with your check or money order.

WARNING: This is not for children, hemophiliacs, or the fainthearted.

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635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
New York residents, please add 8¼ percent sales tax.

LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71)

Sirs:

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Sophie Tucker, Sam Jaffe? Are these stars living or dead? Not so easy to remember, is it?

But now you can find out for sure with my new book, *Who's Dead and Who's Not*. And it's available for only \$24.95 from Box 999, Hollywood, California. How 'bout Vivian Vance?

Bob Morris
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

hey you, longhair!
about sixteen years ago i sent a letter to national lampoon what the hell happened/ by the way what the hell does the shift key do/

bob "cess" poole
bearmeat, mont.

Sirs:

I heard Burt Reynolds was opening a dinner theater down in Florida, and I'd like to volunteer to help write the menu. Here are some suggestions: "Smokey and the String Beans," "The Cannonball Soup," "Best Meat Pies," "Stroker Salad," "The Longest Pork Chop," "Smoky and the String Beans, Part Two," "Sharkey's Shrimp Salad," "The Pea Who Loved Carrots," and "The End of the Meal, Dessert." If you think I have a hard time in the real world, you are quite right.

Buffer Scott
Silver Salmon, Miss.

Sirs:

An ink spill! Blackout! And the "Letters" page suddenly becomes the "Looters" page with dozens of "Sirs" running up and down the columns breaking into liquor ads and robbing jokes from each other. Shoot on sight! Kill the filler! Take no smiles alive!

Here They Come!
Panic button in the streets

Sirs:

What's so great about those new chewin' tobaccos is that they come in things that look like tea bags so you can slip them in some ol' coot's teacup and make 'baccy tea an' they won't know you done it till they take their first sip and practically keel over an' what's so great about me is I never use any punctuation at all whhhhheeee

Gnarly Bumpo
Carlsbad Caverns

Sirs:

You think things don't change? I took a trip back to the old neighbor-

hood to take a look around and I didn't even recognize the place. The subways had been replaced by vacuum tubes, the buildings looked like bubbles, and people's heads shook like bowls of jelly when they thought.

Joe
You can't go home again, you know?

Sirs:

Do you remember that girl with the really sweet voice who was always singing about me on the radio? Well, I boned her at the drive-in, and now she has to drop out of school. Serves the bitch right for following me around all teary-eyed.

Johnny Angel
Burger Heaven

Sirs:

Just thought I'd let you know that at night while you're at home asleep, I'm just beginning my day at your office. First, I hit the urinals for a drink, and then I crawl all over your coffee cup. When I get tired of doing that, I go puke in your spoon.

A. Roach
Lowest East Side

P.S. Thanks for the half a Granola bar.

Sirs:

You know the great thing about cable TV? Getting to watch *Lovesick* about three dozen times. I mean, that's one great movie.

Sick or On Drugs
San Pedro, Calif.

The truth about condoms and herpes.

It's been estimated that up to 20 million people in the U.S. have genital herpes. The figure is growing in epidemic proportions.

At the moment, Herpes Simplex II is incurable. However, there is a product which will significantly reduce your chances of contracting and transmitting this disease.

A Trojan® brand condom.

Many public health authorities and private physicians now feel that the condom, when properly used, effectively aids in preventing the transmission of herpes of the penis, cervix and vagina.

Use Trojan condoms. No other condom has been proven more effective. You'll find them in the Trojan display at your local pharmacy.



YOUNGS DRUG PRODUCTS CORPORATION

P.O. Box 385, Piscataway, N.J. 08854 © Y.D.P.C. 1984

While no contraceptive provides 100% protection, Trojan brand condoms, when properly used, effectively aid in the prevention of pregnancy and venereal disease.

CONTEST #33



How would you spend a day with Chernenko? _____

What would you put in your picnic basket? _____

Picnic with the Party Chief

KREMLIN BOSS KONSTANTIN U. Chernenko. A man of iron will and ruthless determination. A man who would stop at nothing to achieve his country's goal of universal hegemony. Arguably the single most powerful human being on the face of the earth. "Yikes!" you're probably thinking, "this guy scares the pants off me."

And yet there's another side to the

aging but still vigorous Soviet leader. Deep down, here's a man who loves to have fun. A man who's always up for a little volleyball action. A man who likes nothing better than to spend a couple of hours just sitting in the sun, telling funny stories about the Brezhnev years and downing a few brewskis. A man who considers barbecuing a fine art. And you should see him water-ski!

No wonder his countrymen call him "Comrade Summer."

We thought it might be good for strained U.S.-Soviet relations if we invited Mr. Chernenko out for a picnic or something. Obviously, we want to come up with something that'll be tons of fun for everyone involved, and especially for our pal the party chief. An activity or activities so wild that he just can't say no, no-matter how busy he is plotting the downfall of the West.

Any thoughts on the matter?

Send to: CCCPicnic
National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

OUTERWEAR RIOT!



Nothing says lovin' like somethin' from the oven, so we'll be sure to heat up this new National Lampoon Black Sox baseball jacket before sending it to the winner of this contest. This prize has it all—fabric, lining, snaps, sleeves—and will probably cause a wind-fall of entries heretofore undreamed of, at least by common houseplants.

Landlocked loony wins big!
Andrew W. Turza of Cicero, Illinois, has won Contest #29 and a brand-new National Lampoon sailboard. "I remember seeing water once," says Andrew. "I think it's over the hills somewhere."

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